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AND ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH FORTH HER HAND.

THE FREEMAN

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THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

A Bird's-eye View of Baltimore's Colored Population—Other Items of Interest—Personals.

Baltimore Special to The Freeman.

With the very large population of nearly 80,000 colored people Baltimore from the color standpoint, is an interesting subject for observation and comment to almost anyone interested in the progress and improvement of the colored people, it would be a matter of interest to know what such a vast number of colored people are doing. What are their aspirations and ambitions? What progress if any, they have made and are making, and in the light of their past and present, what are their hopes for the future?

Viewed from these standpoints we have no hesitancy in saying that the record of the colored people of this city is one of which any set of people may be justly proud. Amid all their struggles their determination to forge ahead and better their condition, can be plainly seen, and we will venture the assertion that in no city of equal size are there as many colored people who own their own homes as in Baltimore. The masses of the people are industrious, enterprising and thrifty. Fully conscious of the advantages of an education there is a universal disposition on the part of our colored people to give their young a thorough training. Until recently the educational advantages of the colored people have been somewhat meager, but by constant and strong appeals to the city authorities, our educational facilities have greatly increased, and now the footfalls of thousands of aspiring young ones can be daily heard marching to those school houses from which in due course of time they shall come to bless the community by their having lived.

Colored teachers are now engaged in all the public schools in instructing the youth of their own race, a privilege of which they have been unjustly deprived until the present year.

In this vast community of colored people, there are men in the several professions and in business of almost every kind, and these men have in a great measure been very successful.

Baltimore is honored by the presence and influence of many prominent colored ministers who preach to large congregations in churches which for beauty of structure and general comfort can hardly be surpassed.

Some of the most prominent divines of Baltimore are Rev. T. G. Steward. D. D., Rev. E. W. S. Peck, Rev. Harvey Johnson, Rev. W. M. Alexander. These ministers are always unsparing in their efforts to promote the interests of their race, wherever and whenever their able services may be required.

Among the members of the Baltimore bar there are five bright, intelligent and able lawyers, they are Messrs. Jos. S. Davis, Harry S. Cummings, Chas. W. Johnson, E. J. Waring and George M. Lane.

These gentlemen since they have been at the bar of Baltimore have conducted themselves with becoming dignity. They have displayed in the many important cases in which they have been engaged, an intimate knowledge of their profession.

Baltimore has also her share of colored physicians. Drs. Wussey and Hall who are also practinioners have been remarkably successful. Drs. Carr and Fowler who have recently settled here are doing well and have a bright future before them.

As a field for business and professional men, Baltimore stands unsurpassed. The diposition on the part of the people to support those among their number who aspire to better things is a source of much encouragement.

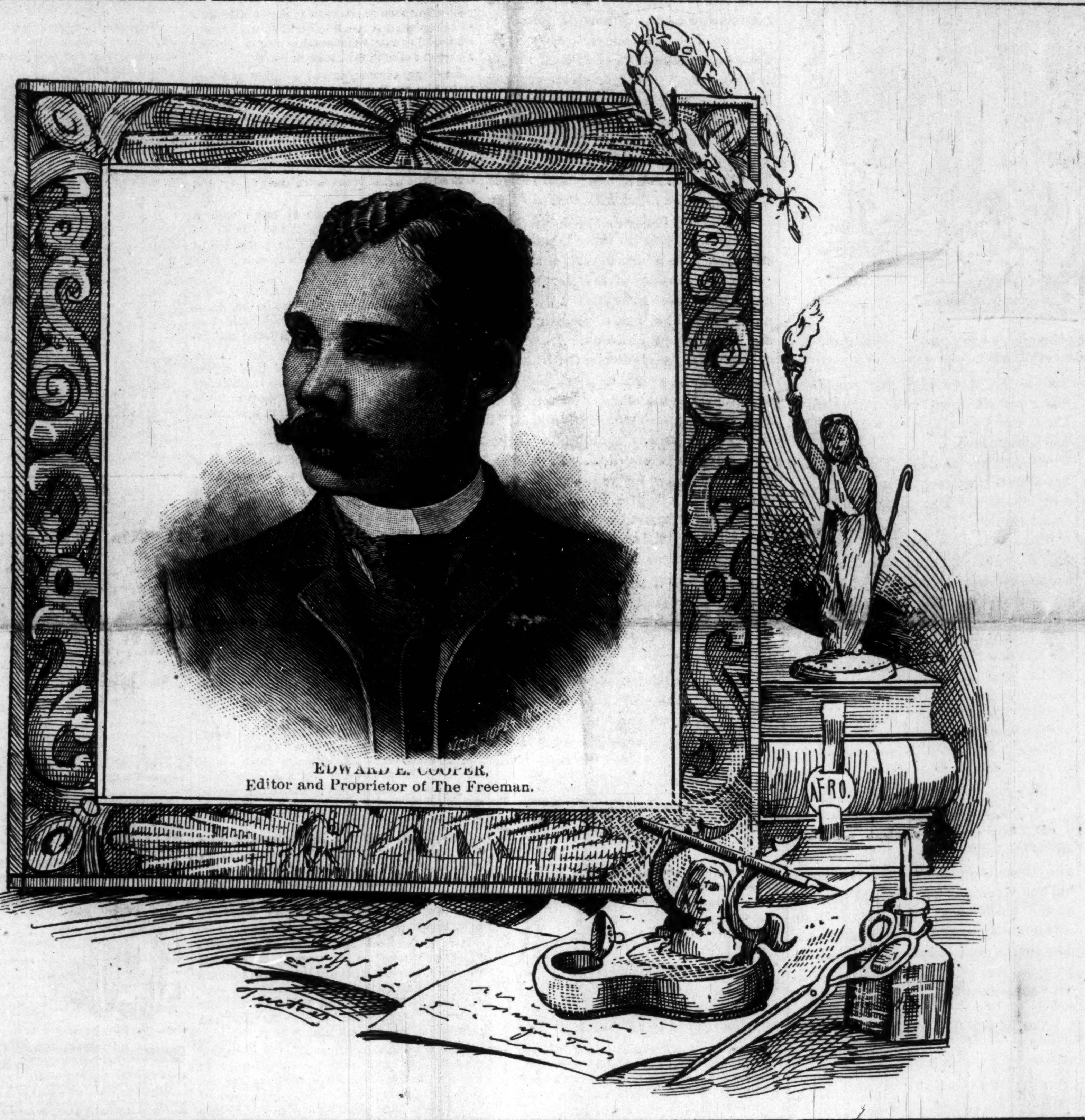
With such a record, briefly and imperfectly told, the outlook for Baltimore's vast colored population is very bright.

During last week the Jubilee services of the Metropolitan M. E. church was held in celebration of the last payment on the debt incurred by building the magnificent structure in which the congregation now worships.

The building is handasome in its every appointment and was built at an expense of nearly $45.000, all of which has been paid by the members of the church and their many friends.

At the Monumental Literary a paper was read by Mr. W. Ashbie Hawkins of Maryland University Law school. Subject "The Dangers which befalls the Republic." The paper was an able one and provoked an interesting and instructive discussion.

E. J. Waring, Esq., was elected President of the Monumental Literary, vice Rev. W. H. Weaver, resigned.



EDWARD E. COOPER,
Editor and Proprietor of The Freeman.

OUR AUGUSTA, GA., LETTER.

The Fountain City of Georgia—Pen Pictures to The Freeman's Host of Readers---Notes, Etc

Augusta is at present on a boom incident to the Grand Carnival to be held here in January. The people here have, as it were, put their shoulders to the wheel to make it a success. It is estimated that at least 25,000 visitors will be in the city.

: : :

One of the most brutal and unprovoked assaults that has ever happened in this city occurred Friday, the 13th inst., when Joseph Pettyjohn, proprietor of the Arlington Hotel, assaulted Mr. Butler Edwards, a well-known colored hackman, in front of his hostelry. That the assault was cruel and uncalled for is the verdict of all the well-thinking people of this city, both white and colored. The Augusta Chronicle, Mr. W. P. Calhoun's colonization organ, gives the following version of the affair, which, if reliable persons who witnessed the affair are to be believed, is as far from the truth as the East is from the West:

The recorder revied yesterday morning quite an exciting episode which occurred Friday at the Arlington Hotel.

A Negro hackman, Buttler Edwards, collided with a vehicle belonging to the establishment.

When approached about the matter by Mr. Joseph Pettyjohn he became very insolent and refused to give any satisfaction whatever.

The result was that Mr. Pettyjohn struck him. The darkey hit back, and Mr. Pettyjohn caught up a whip, using it quite freely.

At this point a son of the proprietor, Mr. Will Pettyjohn, rushed out with a pistol and attempted to shoot the hackman, but was prevented.

After hearing the testimony, yesterday, Judge Dunbar fined Butler Edwards $25, Mr. Joseph Pettyjohn $25 and bound Mr. Will Pettyjohn over to the City Court for trial on the charge of carrying a concealed weapon.

The above is, of course, what either Pettyjohn or some other Negro-hater says about it. According to Mr. Edwards and several other reliable witnesses, Mr Edwards' horse is somewhat scarry, and, becoming frightened at some passing object, became unruly and the hack collided with one of the hotel's vehicles. Pettyjohn came out and spoke to Mr. Edwards in a very insulting manner, and without waiting for an explanation, assaulted him, whereupon Mr. Edwards knocked him down. His son rushed out with pistol in hand, and was not prevented by any one from using it. The case was disposed of as the Chronicle says.

: : :

Jefferson Davis' death was remembered in Augusta by appropriate (?) exercises conducted exclusively by the whites.

Rev. J. J. Durham, D. D., of Columbia, S. C., has been engaged to deliver emancipation address at Augusta on Jan. 1st, 180. Extensive preparations have been made for this celebration, and it promises to be a grand affair.

: : :

The Sumner Literary Society, with Prof. H. L. Walker at the head, is progressing nicely. Its meetings are interesting, and tend to cultivate the moral as well as mental faculties.

: : :

Augusta's colored Physician, Dr. George N. Stovey, has built up a large practice since his removal here a little over a year ago. The Doctor is still single, but it is rumored that as soon as she returns from school he will make arrangements to "transplant." Success to you, Doctor.

: : :

The Freeman is almost as popular in Augusta as the city papers. Its doctrines are sound in every particular, and can but be appreciated and practiced by every true colored man in this country. It can be had at 1324 Campbell street every Saturday, or Andrew Johnson's barber shop, 1136 Broad street.

: : :

Wanted---Seven boys to sell The Freeman, school boys preferred. Call and see the agent at 1324 Campbell street.

NEB.

THE CHAMBERSBURG LETTER.

Sight-Seeings and Doings of Our People Here---Advancement in Life.

Chambersburg, Pa., Special.

The excitement of the election here is now over. The voices of the colored politicians are hushed to sleep, while our color, are suffering the abuses of the worst kind from the white people. I am sure that they perceive these things, yet they pass no comments. It appears that indolence has become paramount in their minds. I understand you, politicians, why it is that you allow this outrage to be; it is becaused you are duped again with promises that were promised to you for your assistance during the campaign of our home offices. This old game ought to be, by this time, an old song. Let us be men, act and think together for the good of our people, and success will surely crown our efforts. There is much sympathy needed to be extended to the people of Chambersburg. We are barred out of work shops, and our children have not all the advantages of learning, even our colored schools, that could be taught by colored teachers, are rejected on account of color. Now, first, it was on account of not being competent, but since there has been a number of graduates, such as Mr. H. Sellersin in '86, Mr. Geo. Williams and Mr. Geo. Walls in '87, Mr. W. Bell in '88, and Miss R. Edwards and Mr. F. Norris in '89, there is not much said, only that our color is objectionable by the white school board. Yet we suffer this to be so, more particularly some of our prominent leaders. O conscience, have you taken your flight from their minds, and left it contaminated with degrading prejudice? If so, God forbid. Rouse yourself, leaders, from that lethargy that surrounds you. Be enterprising; that is what is needed in this city. If you leaders of the people should make an effort here to do something for your people, something that would be beneficial, you would arouse a feeling of industry in the minds of our people. I feel that your people will thank you, but if not, you will have this consolation, however, that by making a sacrifice for your people you at least show to the people an unequivocal proof of your sincerity for them.

G. E. W.

Written for The Freeman.

A CHRISTIAN'S LOVE.

Love has a charm of sacred power
  To chase the clouds of life away.
To smooth our pathway every hour,
  And turn our pathway into day.

Love is the highest gift to man.
  A mutual love, from soul to soul.
A love that joins us hand in hand
  As one within the Shepherd's fold.

Love smooths the roughened wheels of time,
  And when with deep inspiring thought
We look beyond the hights sublime
  Love brings us near the throne of God.

We seem to touch the golden harp,
  And hear the sweet harmonious strains
Alas! How soon with swelling hearts
  We find ourselves 'mong men again.

Love reaches us from realms above.
  Its depth no human heart can know.
Loved with an everlasting love
  Such love the father has bestowed.

Father of love inspire our hearts
  With dept of love for Thee and Thine,
Guide us through life in every part,
  Thou holy one, Thou most subine.

Light-Torf.

The Negro Everywhere.'

The Negro is in everything—from Cheatham in Congress, to Pete Jackson in the Ring. They knock them out everywhere they go.—Ex.

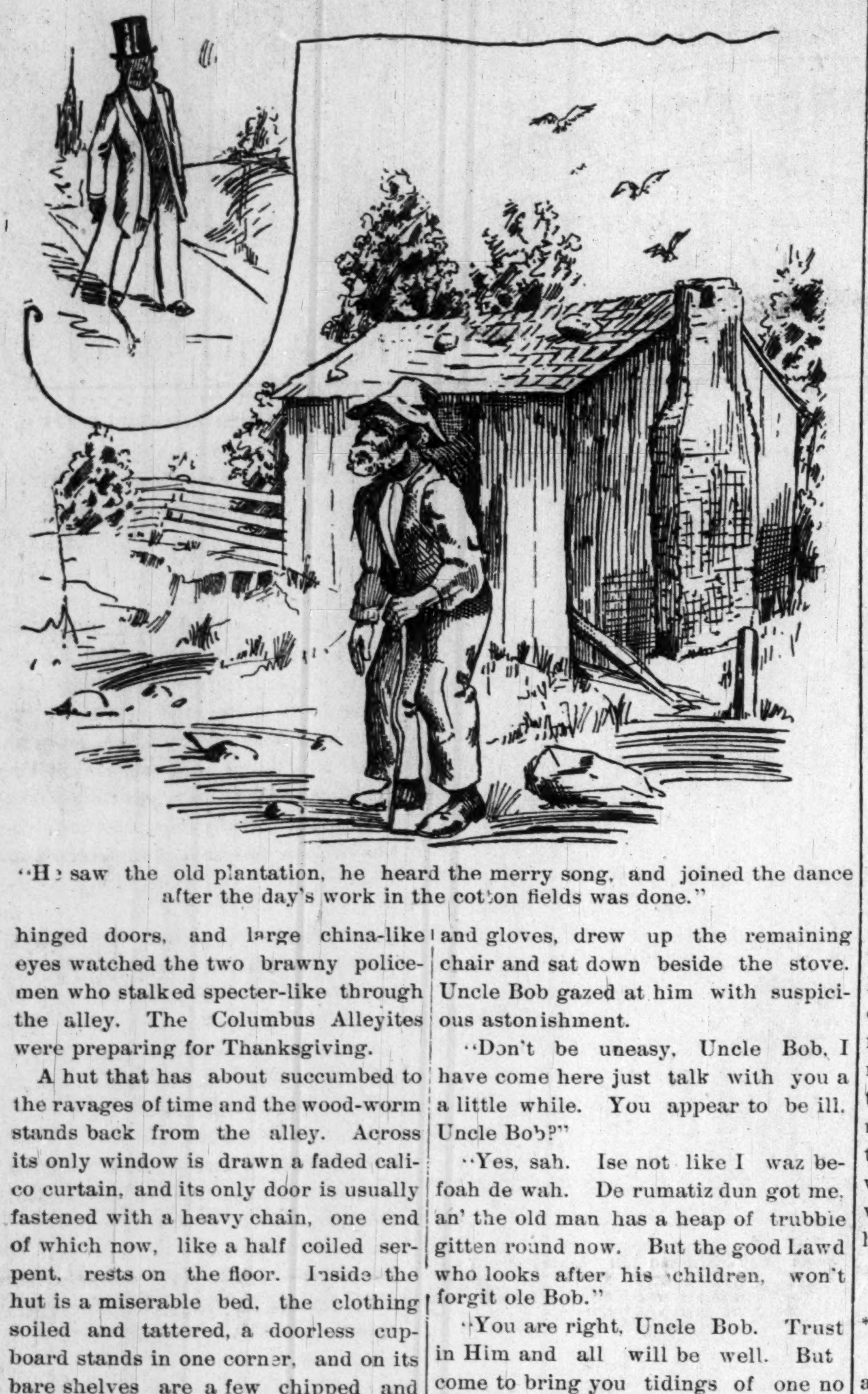
ROMANCE IN AN ALLEY

OLD UNCLE BOB'S DISMAL HUT ON THANKSGIVING EVE.

Revelations Made By a Stranger to a Denizen of Columbia Alley—Story of "Sam," the Runaway Darkey, Who Becomes a Soldier.

Reporter of the Indianapolis News.

Columbus alley was agitated. When Columbus alley is not agitated it is a very dull day in the police history. Through the dirt stained windows the lamplight feebly struggled; here and there could be seen a shawl-hooded from flitting from a neighboring saloon with the "growler" carefully concealed. Dusky faces peered out of half-hinged doors, and large china-like eyes watched the two brawny policemen who stalked specter-like through the alley. The Columbus Alleyites were preparing for Thanksgiving.



"He saw the old plantation, he heard the merry song, and joined the dance after the day's work in the cotton fields was done."

A hut that has about succumbed to the ravages of time and the wood-worm stands back from the alley. Across its only window is drawn a faded calico curtain, and its only door is usually fastened with a heavy chain, one end of which now, like a half coiled serpent, rests on the floor. Inside the hut is a miserable bed, the clothing soiled and tattered, a doorless cupboard stands in one corner, and on its bare shelves are a few chipped and cracked dishes, no two alike. A greasy old table, an old cook stove, red and cracked, and two chairs make up the sum total of the furniture in the room.

This was the home of "Uncle Bob," who occupied one of the chairs. "Uncle Bob" did not mix with the common herd of Columbus alley, and was, in consequence, regarded with superstitious awe. The antecedents of "Uncle Bob" were unknown to his neighbors. He dropped down in the alley one day many years ago, and in the long time he resided there no one had ever heard of himself. Once or twice he had visited the sick, and once when a poor young wife sat beside her husband, dying for lack of food and medicine, a big ten-dollar gold piece was found on a chair after "Uncle Bob" had left the house. But when the woman attempted to thank him he knew nothing about it, and the young wife said it must have been put there by an angel from heaven, but she prayed for "Uncle Bob" just the same.

Before the stove sat "Uncle Bob," gazing at the fire and drawing pictures of the past. He saw the old plantation, he heard the merry song and joined the dance after the day's work in the cotton fields was done; heard the crack of the overseer's whip, and then freedom came with the rattle of muskets and the booming of cannon. And Sam, his boy Sam, his only child, where, oh, where, was he? 'Tis near thirty years since he heard of this lad. His reveries were interrupted by a deep bass voice asking:

"Is this Uncle Bob?"

"Yes, sah, sah," was the reply, and "Uncle Bob" saw standing in the doorway a tall, well-dressed man. A heavy mustache curled on his upper lip, in his gloved hand he carried a silk hat hat that he had removed before he could enter the low passage. Without a word the stranger deposited his hat on the table, removed his overcoat and gloves, drew up the remaining chair and sat down beside the stove. Uncle Bob gazed at him with suspicious astonishment.

"Don't be uneasy, Uncle Bob, I have come here just talk with you a a little while. You appear to be ill, Uncle Bob?"

"Yes, sah. Ise not like I waz befoah de wah. De rumatiz dun got me, an' the old man has a heap of trubble gitten round now. But the good Lawd who looks after his children, won't forgit ole Bob."

"You are right, Uncle Bob. Trust in Him and all will be well. But come to bring you tidings of one no doubt you often wished to see——"

"Ob Sam?" interrupted the old man eagerly.

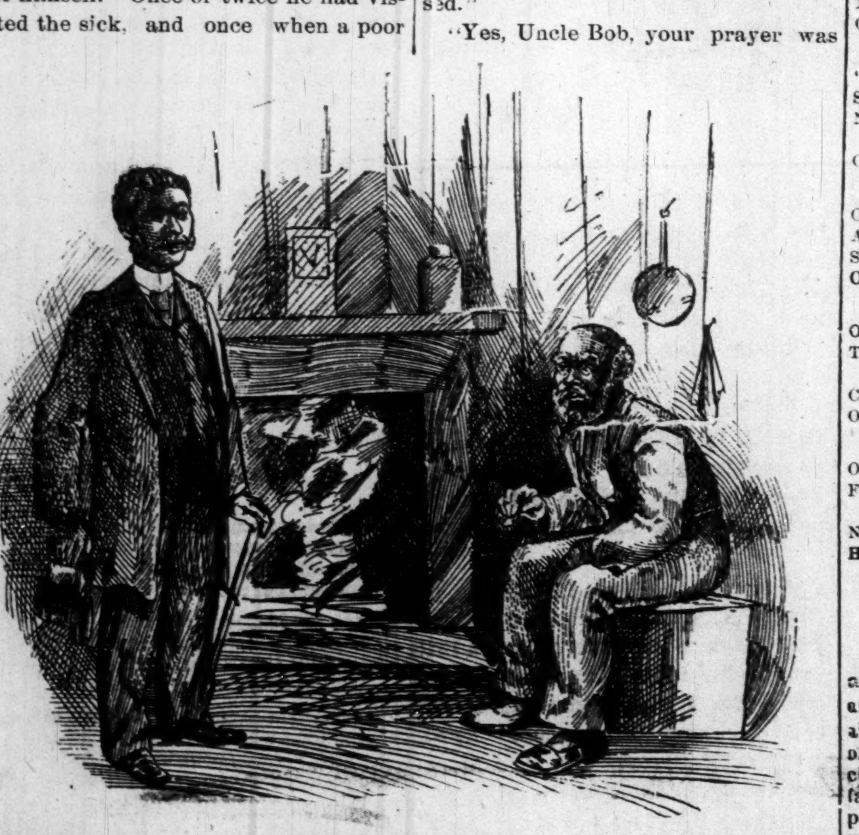
"Yes, of Sam."

"Did you know Sam?"

"O, yes, I know him very well."

"Dat boy was de orniest niggah I ebber knowd, an' when he runned away from ele mas'r he tuk on terribul and when dey put de blud hounds on his track I jus' drop down in de cotton an' I prays de good Lawd dat dem hours nose fall off and dere eyes go out. An' when dey cum back widout Sam I knows de Lawd heerd wat I sed."

"Yes, Uncle Bob, your prayer was answered. Sam escaped the hounds, and after days of wandering in the swamps he finally reached the Union lines, and five days he had on a Yankee soldier's uniform and was fighting for the old flag."



"Before the fire sat "Uncle Bob," gazing at the fire and drawing pictures of the past."

"Did Sam do dat—my ornery, shifless Sam?"

"Indeed he did. At the battle of the Wilderness a wild charge was made by the Union troops. Sam's regiment, was in the lead and many a brave young soldier fell amid the tangled underbrush. The Colonel of Sam's regiment was fighting like a hero, but a bullet sent him reeling to to the ground and the troops became disheartened. They drew back. All but one. A Negro, bare-headed and coatless, with the blood streaming from a wound in his shoulder, ran over the open space to the spot where the wounded Colonel lay. Shot after shot was fired at him. Twice he fell his knees. Up again and like a deer he ran to his Colonel's side, tenderly he picked up the wounded warrior and started back to the Union lines. Fired at with shot and shell yet kept on till he fell fainting inside the Yankee lines. It was months before the Negro recovered, and when he rejoined his command he wore the stripes of a Sergeant on his sleeve. He fought until the war ended, and the Colonel whose life he saved took home with him Sam.

"Wat!" fairly shrieked Uncle Bob. "Wat's dat? Sam war de niggah dat sabed de Kunnel's life? My Sam, my worthless, no 'count Sam. Don' you fool de ole man, strangah, doan you fool 'im."

"Yes, the Negro was Sam. Well, the Colonel gave Sam an education and made a lawyer, and one day the people of the Colonel's district wanted some one to represent them in the Legislature and they elected Sam."

"Stop dah, stranger, stop dah. Yuse foolin' Ole Bob. My Sam a maker uf de laws? No, no, stranger; dat is too much. Go way and luff me 'lone Yuse has no right to make sport ob de ole man wid one foot in de grabe and de odder jess inchen along dat way. It's cruel, sah, it's cruel," and Uncle Bob's dim eyes filled with tears.

"I am not making sport of you. What I tell you is true," said the stranger, with a huskiness in his voice. "Sam is a member of the Legislature and 'Honorable' is written before his name. And he has a pleasant wife and bright-eyed children. In a neat cottage, nestling between the hills, he has saved one room comfortably furnished for the old slave, who fell upon his knees in the cotton fields and prayed that his runaway boy might be saved from the fangs of dogs. Yes, that room is waiting for you, and though the good old wife you loved so well is resting in an unmarked grave in distant Alabama, there is a little woman who will minister to your wants, and who is waiting at the door of our home——"

"Sam!"

"Father!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

High above the shouts of revelers and the clinking of Columbus Alley glasses was heard the shrill wavering voice of Uncle Bob and the deep bass of Sam as they sang "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."

[Written for The Freeman.]

ONLY A WAIF.

I.

"Only a waif" are the words that he said
As he shivered and looked at his feet so red,
"No mother, no father, clothes tattered and torn,
I'm only a waif left all alone."

II.

'Only a waif begging something to eat,
As I tramp up and down the cold, cheerless street.
No sisters, no brothers my fate to bemoan,
Only a waif, forced ever to roam."

III.

'Only a waif, and I've nowhere to sleep
Save where the bright stars their vigil do keep;
No friends and no kindred, I am tramping alone;
Only a waif, with no place to call home."

IV.

Only a waif, so they found him next day,
As stiff and as cold as the ground where he lay;
So young, so innocent, only nine years old,
Only a waif, friendless, out in the cold.

V.

Only a waif stemming the winds' cold blow;
They found him that morning all covered with snow,
Covered all over in his white snowy bed;
Only a waif, in the streets found dead.

VI.

Only a waif; they buried him that day
Far down through the snow in the bosom of clay;
No marble did they place at his feet or his head,
He sleeps with the earth in his cold, damp bed.

W. F. FONVELLE.

Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C.

Solid Comfort.

Not many days ago a gentleman had taken affectionate leave of his wife and daughter, for a three months' trip abroad. The child, a lovely little girl of two and a half years, stood by a chair with her thum in her mouth—a favorite pastime, and, to her, a panacea for all her childish ills. She watched her mother for a few moments, saw the tears filling the lovely eyes and dropping one by one from her cheeks, then went to her side, and with a comforting tone, looking pityingly into her face, said:—

"Mamma, suck 'oo fum!"

Tommy's Great Head.

Clara (at breakfast table)—"I don't think there is much, if any, difference between absent mindedness and reverie, perhaps the latter is a more dreamy condition. Now, last night, for instance, when George was here, I dropped into a reverie, and I seemed to have gone miles and miles into dreamland before—" Tommy (interrupting)—"I'll bet there was only one lap to the mile."

WINGED MISSILES.

Bismarck is entirely bald, and is said to be crosser than ever.

Monarchies and kingdoms are passed. Republics are the fashion.

A hunter at Pocatello, Idaho, has deer's horns with forty-two prongs.

Not including Alaska, Brazil is larger in extent than the United States.

It is said that there are forty-eight languages and dialects spoken in Mexico.

There are more newspapers published in Pennsylvania than in all British America.

Foot ball thinks it is going to "get the heels" of base ball as a national game. It looks so.

Froude is writing a life of Lord Beaconsfield. A fictitious subject will just suit the pen of the "romance historian."

Clara Louise Kellogg has grown so fat she never expects to grace the stage again. She never did become thin characters.

The number of persons who wrote "Beautiful Snow" was estimated by the late Richard Grant White as twenty-four.

It is estimated that the output of coal for the present year will not greatly exceed 35,000,000 tons against 38,145,718 tons last year.

Who would have thought it? Philadelphia, the symbol for slowness, is said to be the greatest novel reading city in the country.

A Philadelphia pony has whipped a mountain bear in a fair fight. There is a good deal of animal pluck about the good old city.

An Albino, Pa., coon, without a gray hair on it, has been captured by John Barkley, of Monroe county, Ohio. The animal has pink eyes.

A young man plowing on a ranch near Galt, Cal., found over $1,600. His employer kept all but $20 of it, and left the plowman to plod his weary way in the field.

Lawlessness in parts of Georgia attributed to the whites has been traced to negroes, who, acting as regulators, have been settling old grudges against black enemies.

An otter, a muskrat and a mink play together on the banks of a creek at Scranton, Pa. The farmer who owns the premises won't let his boys trap or shoot them.

The artistic wealth of the Paris municipality in paintings, sculpture, engravings, etc., is estimated at 2½ million dollars outside of the great treasurers owned by the nation.

Alphonse Daudet's novels have won a fortune for him, but his plays on the stage have been failures, and this jealousy of Sardou's success is set down by his critics to be intense.

A young woman of Crescent City, Cal., picked up a large pebble on the beach some time ago and sent it to a lapidary in San Francisco, who pronounced it to be an emerald worth $2,600.

A live lobster, half red and half green, the dividing color: line running lengthwise his whole body, is now on exhibition in Portland, Me. Fishermen say that specimens like this are very rare.

The naturalists of this country, who started out to raise among themselves a fund for a monument to John James Andubon, having secured about $1,000 and a large collection of promises, have concluded to appeal to the public at large.

Recent widespread failures in the tea trade in China have had a curious effect on ruined merchants. Five of them have taken refuge in a monastery in preference to meeting their creditors. One committed suicide and many have disappeared.

Talk about ship building reviving in America. It is as yet a mere circumstance compared to what is going on over on the other side. Ship building is so active on the Clyde that in many of the yards work is carried on at night by means of electric lights.

The Norwegians are said to be the longest lived people in the world. Official statistics show that the average duration of life in Norway is 48.33 for the men, 51.30 for the women and 49.77 for both sexes. The duration of life has increased of late years.

The New England Farmer says that everywhere in cities fruits and oatmeal are used on the breakfast table, while in the country the farmer still compels his wife to keep him supplied with pies ad libitum, and, worse than that, to make pork the principal meat diet.

An enthusiast speaks of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" as the most attractive romance, the most fascinating in its touches of both nature and human nature ever written in English and perhaps in any language. 'Tis a fine story. Artists and publishers have taken kindly to it.

War was the business of the Bourbon French. As they have no opportunity in France, they have gone elsewhere for occupation. Prince Louis Napoleon, son of "Plon-Plon" and younger brother of Prince Victor, has received his commission in the Russian army and will go on duty in the Caucasus.

The newspapers of Illinois and New York should not let the old worn out land of Italy go before them in admiration of Christopher Columbus. The newspapers of Italy are raising subscriptions for a monument to the bold old navigator. New York, however, builds no monuments; it solicits for them.

One hundred thousand people would make a good-sized city, yet this number of young and middle-aged and old men are directly interested in the subject of military music in this country, and certainly most of them have ten members each. Great factories are sustained by their demands for instruments, and newspapers exist devoted to their interest.

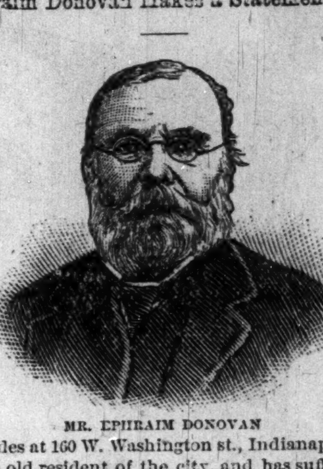
It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 people who walk about London's streets daily, and in so doing wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes. This would in a year form a leather strip one inch wide and long enough to extend from London to New York. This amount of disintegrated sole-leather, at 10 cents per pound (what it costs consumers, would amount to $500,000.

The latest development of the electric light is likely to prove of great use for vehicular traffic. A small incandescent globe and reflector are placed on the forehead of a horse, insulated wires are carried along its body to a small battery stowed in the trailing vehicle. The current is turned on at pleasure, and an unmistakable blaze of light illumines the murky surroundings.

Greece has furnished many things worth reading but none better than this: "Queen Olga, of Greece, whose unwearied efforts on behalf the poor, the sick and helpless, have made her subjects worship her, is very simple in her ways and goes about the streets unattended." People who have wealth, station and power and use for good age making life worth living. Generous wealth is the only kind worth having.

Still Another True Tale

That Reads Like a Romance—Mr. Ephraim Donovan Makes a Statement.



MR. EPHRAIM DONOVAN

Resides at 160 W. Washington st., Indianapolis, is an old resident of the city, and has suffered for about fifteen years with sciatic rheumatism and secondary blood poisoning, intermediated by general nervous debility and dyspepsia. Mr. Donovan has been under treatment for years by different physicians. He states that for the first time he has found relief. "The Gun Wa Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies worked like Magic in my case," said Mr. Donovan. "I am 65 years old, but my ailments are not caused by old age. I am an old soldier, and the terrible rheumatic pain I have endured was probably caused by exposure when in the army. To be brief, nothing helped me until I began taking the Chinese Herb Remedies. I at once began to mend, and in two weeks from the time I first started I was a different man. I have not an ache or a pain. My digestion is also so much improved that I can now eat with perfect confidence of no bad effect morning, noon or night. In fact, the remedies have renewed my youth. I feel many years younger, stronger and better in every way, mentally and physically, and the credit for this great change in me is due wholly to the Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies."

Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimonial of cure will confer a favor by enclosing their picture, as without that their testimonial is useless for advertising purposes.

Gun Wa is a Chinese physician, who can not, under the American laws, practice medicine, so he sells prepared Chinese vegetable remedies for various diseases. He has been in Indianapolis several months, during which time he has effected so many remarkable cures that his name will soon be a household word in Indiana.

His suite of parlors are in the second story of 25 West Washington street. Every patient will see Gun Wa privately. No charge for consultation, examination or advice.

A friendly chat with Gun Wa costs nothing. If you can not call on him, send for his circular on cancer, tape worm, rheumatism, piles, female weakness, catarrh, or his book (for men only) on nervous and private diseases. Those suffering from evil effects of follies or excesses should call or write. Cure guaranteed.

Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M. In writing always inclose four cents in stamps. Call on or address.

GUN WA,
25 W. Washington Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

☞Gun Wa has several parlors. You will see him privately.

CUT 3 SIZE FOR $4.50 A GENUINE AMERICAN MADE THROUGHOUT TRENTON WATCH!

(No imitation.) An 18 size Jeweled stem-wind, lever-set, quick-train straight-line escapement; improved back rachet, in a DUEBER SILVERINE CASE, heavy, strong and a good timer. (Cut one-third size.) FULLY WARRANTED. Send 50c. for express charges and I will send it for examination. If satisfactory and as represented you can pay for it otherwise it will be returned. In the case is certificate of President Dueber Watch Case Co., that it is a GENUINE SILVERINE case, will keep its color and wear a lifetime.

SPECIAL 25C. OFFER.

I want you to have my 200-page Catalogue with 1,700 illustrations, and therefore, for a limited time, will send it with 1 pair Rolled GOLD PLATED Lever SLEEVE BUTTONS, or 1 Ladies LACE PIN, or Gents' SCARF PIN, for 25c. Catalogue FREE. Can use stamps.

W. G. MORRIS,
Wholesale Jewelry, Silverware, Watches, etc.,
90 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

References: Felsenthal, Gross & Miller, Bankers 108 La Salle St., Chicago; Mr. Gross, Ex-State Treasurer of Illinois.

☞Always mention this paper.

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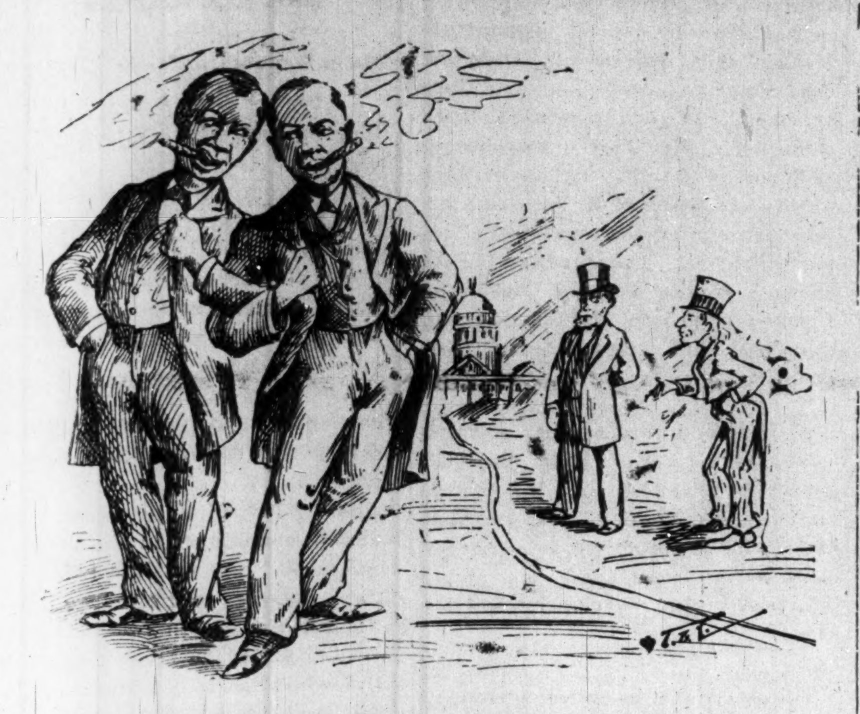


THE NEGROES COMING TOGETHER AT LAST.

They will meet in Chicago, Jan. 15, '90, to organize a National Afro-American League.

THE LEAGUE PLAN.

FOR THE MUTUAL PROTECTION AND ADVANCE OF THE RACE.

Its Object and Possibilities Set Forth in Constitution and BylwwS—Plans for Branch Leagues.

New York Freeman.

On Saturday, June, 1887, I published in The Freeman an address to my colored fellow citizens setting forth the necessity of some comprehensive organization for the mutual protrction and advance of the race in this country, and suggestion that it would be well to organize an Afro-American League to compass the ends set forth in the address. From the lakes to gulf and from the mountains to the sea the matter has been discussed and re-discussed, until as a result we are in a position to deside that some simple plan of organization is necessary for the guidance of those who desire to engage in the work of organization . . . I therefore submit the following plan of organization.

CONSTITUTION.

Sec. 1. Any person of the age of eighteen, and upward (without regard to race, color sex) can become a member of this league by subscribing to its constitution and by-laws, and by the payment of entrance fee, and monthly assessment of ———

2. The objects of this league are to protest against taxation without representation; to secure a more equitable distribution of school funds; to insist upon fair and impartial trial by judge and jury of peers in all cases at law wherein we may be a party, to resist by all legal and reasonablemeans mob and lynch law, whereof we are made the victims. and to insist upon the arrest and punishment of all such offenders against our legal rights; to resist the tyrannical usage of railroad and steamboat and other corporations. and the violent and insulting conduct of their employes in all instances where we are concerned, by presecution of such corporations and their employes in state and federal courts; to labor for the information of our penal institutions where barbarous, cruel and unchristian treatment convicts is practiced, and to insist on on healthy immigration from terror ridden sections to others and more lawabiding sections.

Sec. 3 A general tax of $1 per annum on all members of this branch league shall be levied on and conserved by the treasurer in to the treasury of the National League to carry out the objects set forth in Section 2.

Sec. 4. The objects of this league shall be conserved by the creation of a healthy public opinion, through the medium of public meetings and addresses, and by appealing to the courts of law for redress of all denial of legal and constitution rights, the purpose of this league to secure the ends desired the peaceable and lawful methods.

Sec 5. This league is in no sense a partisan body, and no man shall be debarred from membership therein because of his political opinions.

BY-LAWS.

1. The name of this organization shall be the Afro-American League of —No—

2. The officers of this league shall be one president, two vice-presidents, one secretary and two assistant secretaries, one treasurer, two champlains, two sargents-at-arms, and an executive committee of five, the officers to be elected (as the league shall determine.)

3. This branch league shall meet at the first Tuesday in each month, (or oftener; at the discretion of the league,) at 8 o'clock p. m. with open or secret meetings at the dircretion of the league.

4. This branch league shall be subject to the laws hereafter made by the National Afro-American League.

A Red Sunset.

"Several little boys were admiring an exceedingly fiery sunset. Suddenly one of them, a bright 4-year-old, turned around to his companions and rather bashfully remarked: "I know what does that," referring to the crimson aspect of the sky. "No, you don't," said the others, in a chorus of childish skepticism. "Yes, I do," quite positively. "What is it?" wonderingly. "Dod's dot the nose-bleed."

NASHVILLE TO CHICAGO.

CHANGE OF PLACE FOR THE MEETING OF THE LEAGUES.

The Result of Careful Consideration by Representatives in Various States, and a Strong Sentiment Developed Among the Members of the League--The Date Remains Unchanged.

To the Afro-American Leagues: The undersigned, anxious for the success of the meeting of the Afro-American Leagues, called for the 15th of January, 1890, at Nashville, Tenn., after a careful consideration of the matter, unite in ordering the change of the place of meeting from Nashville to Chicago, Ill., the date of meeting to remain unchanged, for the following reasons, to-wit:

(1) We find that a very strong sentiment has developed among the members of the League against meeting at Nashville, because of the inadequacy of hotel accommodations and the difficulty of securing reasonable reductions in railroad fares and because it is thought that a fair and impartial report of the session of the Leagues can not be secured, the press of Nashville being notoriously antagonistic to Afro-American citizens, and lastly, because the Afro-American citizens of Nashville have shown no disposition, individually or collectively, that they desire the League to meet in their city, and will make reasonable and necessary preparation for such meeting.

(2) We find that the difficulties here set forth will be entirely removed by changing the place of meeting from Nashville, Tenn., to Chicago, Ill., and the change is so ordered, the meeting of the Leagues to be at Chicago, Ill., Wednesday, January 15, 1890, at 10 a. m., sharp.

T. Thomas Fortune, of New York.
Alexander Walters, of New York.
J. Gordon Street, of Massachusetts.
W. A. Pledger, of Georgia.
Robert Pelham, Jr., of Michigan.
Edward E. Cooper, of Indiana.
H. C, Smith, of Ohio.
John Mitchell, Jr., of Virginia.
Magnes L. Robinson, of Virginia.
J. C. Price, of North Carolina.
John C. Dancy, of North Carolina.
W. Calvin Chase, of the District of Columbia.
Thomas T. Symons, of the District of Columbia.
F. L. Barnett, of Illinois.
Wm. B. Richie, of New Jersey.
Van N. Williams, of Alabama.
B. Phillerman, of W. Virginia.

Gen. Sherman and the Confederate Officer.

At Delmonico's, just previous to the Wyndham breakfast, says the New York Sun, Gen. Sherman was seated in one of the reception-rooms talking to Charles Wyndham and Col. Edward L. Alfriend of Richmond. The editor of a newspaper passed through the room and Gen. Sherman nodded to him and remarked to his companions that the editor was a drummer boy under him at Shiloh.

"Such is the whirlagig of time, general," said Mr. Wyndham.

"Why, sir," replied the old general, "there were four governors of states who were buglers under me, and before the war was over they had risen to the rank of major-general."

"It is certainly remarkable," said Mr. Wyndham, "that men who entered the army in such a humble way should rise to the rank of major-general in one war."

"My dear sir," said Gen. Sherman, "you must remember that our war was one of the greatest wars that was ever fought. It was a fight between people of the same race. You know that when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war; and that was true of us. We had a determined enemy, and, by the way, there sits one of them now over there," and the general pointed to Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, who was sitting on a settee with his crutches resting across his arm.

"General, I am also one of those fellows, like my Texas friend," said Col. Alfriend.

"Where did you serve, sir?" asked Gen. Sherman.

"I served first on the staff of Stonewall Jackson and afterward under Gen. Lee."

"Give me your hand, sir," said Gen. Sherman, standing up and reaching for Col. Alfriend's hand. "I am always glad to meet with a brave ex-confederate soldier and a man who has had the distinction of serving under two such brave commanders."

FOR HEALTH'S SAKE.

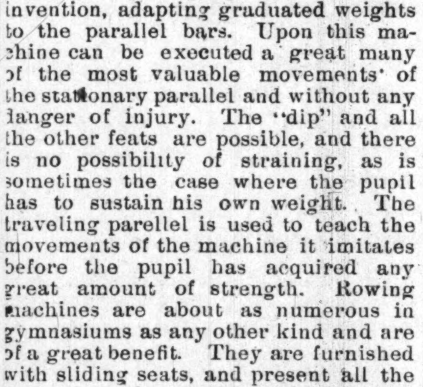
Scientific Apparatus For Gymnastic Work in Physical Training.

Some Old and Well-Tried Appliances and Some of the Latest Inventions for Developing the Muscles—Many Kinds of Pulleys and Bars.

"Now what shall I do to become strong?" asked a slim-built young dude, as he appeared in a faultless suit of gymnasium togs out on a glazed floor well covered with muscle-raising apparatus.

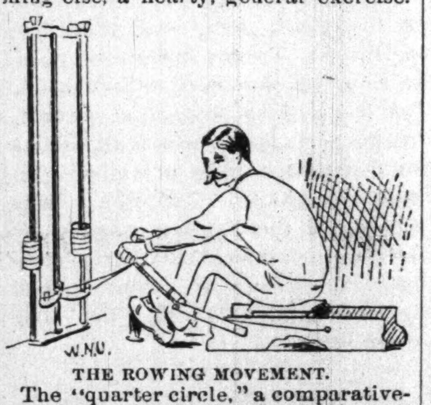
Every complete gymnasium should have, and every Chicago gymnasium has, a physical examiner whose business it is to make sure of the kind of material he is to handle by putting each applicant through a vigorous physical hauling over. This examination is made that the instructor may be able to direct the work of his pupils to aid in building up good forms and constitutions and to prevent the overwork of the weaker parts. There are hundreds of different kinds of gymnasium apparatus, and some of these pieces have a hundred different uses.

All are compelled to begin with light exercise in very moderate doses. The pully-weights, dumb-bells and clubs are usually put in the hands of beginners. This one system of pulleys comprehends machines so numerous that they serve in exercising almost every muscle of the body. The system comprises chest machines, back and loin machines, chest expanders and developers, neck and waist machines, and others that give the movement required in paddling and single-stick work. Another of these is the wrestling machine, a most ingenious contrivance. Its pulleys are so arranged that the person using it is required to pull in some place, meets resistance in others, and, on the whole, meets nearly all the work he would find in trying to down a big, strong living opponent. Then there are double pulleys, the different kinds being known as bottom, top, side and corner "splits." Each of these machines calls out the hearty efforts of the person who operates it, and all of them are great muscle builders. The chest expander, as its name implies, increases the lateral dimensions of the chest, while the developer deepens it from front to back and makes a greater lung capacity. The different "splits" are used principally for the development of the muscles on the shoulders, chest and arms. The neck and head machine, a halter sort of an arrangement, is used to strengthen the muscles of the throat and neck. It is particularly effective in straightening up a pair of "round" shoulders and a cure for indigestion. The halter, which is fastened to the rope that pulls up the weights, is placed over the head; the person using the machine leans forward, and as he straightens back he meets the resistance of the weights, which he has to raise with the muscles of his neck.



THE QUARTER CIRCLE.

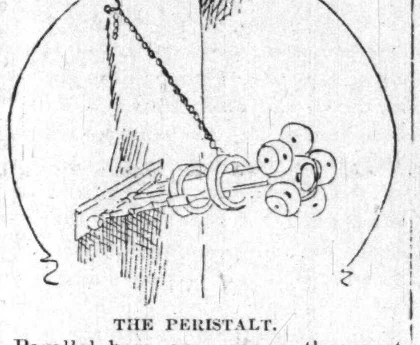
The traveling parellel is another machine which is constructed mainly on the pulley-weight plan. It is a new invention, adapting graduated weights to the parallel bars. Upon this machine can be executed a great many of the most valuable movements of the stationary parallel and without any danger of injury. The "dip" and all the other feats are possible, and there is no possibility of straining, as is sometimes the case where the pupil has to sustain his own weight. The traveling parellel is used to teach the movements of the machine it imitates before the pupil has acquired any great amount of strength. Rowing machines are about as numerous in gymnasiums as any other kind and are of a great benefit. They are furnished with sliding seats, and present all the movements that are required in actual rowing. The rowing machine strengthens the back and stomach, increases the capacity of the lungs and furnishes, more than anything else, a hearty, general exercise.



THE ROWING MOVEMENT.

The "quarter circle," a comparatively new piece of gymnasium apparatus, is rapidly growing into general use. It consists of a curved board attached to a pair of standards with pully-weight attachment. The board is now so made that the circle may be graduated for the accommodation of the person using it or for the amount of exertion he wishes to use. The use of the machine strengthens the shoulders, the small of the back and abdomen, and elevates and spreads the ribs. It affords most useful exercise and is recommended by physicians in straightening the spinal curvature. The use of all the different kinds of pulleys has a most healthful effect. They are inexpensive and occupy but little room and are quite as well adapted for the house as for the gymnasium.

The peristalt is a new piece of apparatus, which the originators say is equally well adapted for home and gymnasium use, and which is warranted to cure as many ills as any patent medicine. It has been given numerous tests in the best gymnasiums, and has been pronounced a great success. It seems to have been specially invented for fat men, as its objects are the cure of ills that fat men most complain of. The machine consists of a bunch of big round wooden balls which are fastened by a rod to a standard that is placed against a wall. Inside the rod is a spiral spring which works automatically. Any fat man who wishes to reduce his ponderous front has simply to lean against the group of balls when the spring contracts and, in so doing, turns the wooden balls on the fat man's stomach. The frequent use of this machine is sure to reduce any one with an overgrown stomach to his normal proportions and will relieve him of a great many other complaints besides.



THE PERISTALT.

Parallel bars are among the most useful apparatus in a gymnasium. They afford movements to strengthen the muscles of almost every part of the body and permit the execution of a great many feats of daring. They are used a great deal in preparing for work on the horizontal bar, where exercise takes a secondary place to higher gymnastic work. The parallels are built on several different styles and are adjustable to height. They were first used by the Germans and still afford the favorite exercise next to turning for that people. The vaulting horses also found their origin in German gymnasiums. They are valuable to athletes principally because of the many different kinds of exercise they furnish. They not only give one great strength, but teach a suppleness of both body and limbs.

Different sorts of climbing apparatus are always to be found in a gymnasium. There are climbing poles, ropes and ladders of several kinds. Some of the ladders are built to a peak or pyramid, and others, among them the pompier or fire ladder, are strung up vertically. Chest bars, which are nothing more than a pair of poles put up vertically about two feet apart, afford the best of exercise for the back, shoulders and chest. The bicycle-trainer is an instrument that is now being greatly used. It has the regulation bicycle handle and pedals, but is minus the wheels. It stands on a big iron base. It affords the best means for bicyclist to exercise their legs and lungs, and enables them to keep in training when the roads outside are knee-deep in snow. It is adjustable to any length of leg, and, by means of a brake, any amount of resistance can be secured. Striking bags of many different kinds are greatly used by boxers. They are put up either by a cord fastened both at the floor and ceiling or suspended by a cord from a platform. Either kind is lively enough to keep the striker on the move to save himself from a stinging rap in the face. Their use teaches alertness and accuracy of aim, and gives the proper exercise for boxers to the muscles most brought into use.

He Made a Very Bad Choice.

The small boy had had a fight with another small boy. In youth we make up our quarrels easily, and a blow on the nose heals much more easily than a stinging word in later years. Quick to enjoy, quick to injure, quick to forget pleasures, quick to forget injuries in our childhood, we grow slower in all with age; yet perhaps the value of everything does not really change, only our capacity to retain feeling. This small boy had had a fight and his mother punished him. He was a boy; his mother was only a kind of grown-up girl, and could not be expected to understand or sympathize with the manly art of self-defense. But he got it all the same and when the round was over he stood up in the corner with his knuckles stuck in his tear-filled eyes. "Well," he said, between some severe sobs, "well, I was a fool to get you for a mother when I was born."—San Francisco Chronicle.

He Took Her.

She was a maid of high degree,
And quite severely proper;
Each man she met, so proud was she,
Would love, despair, then drop her.

But there remained without demur,
When all the rest forsook her,
An amateur photographer,
And finally he took her.

Province of the Jester.

Oh, would, among the millions
Complaining through the earth,
More lips were slow to sighing,
More lips were swift to mirth;
For none hath better mission
Than he of rugged breast,
Who heartens up his fellows
With now and then a jest.

Red Tape in Railroading.

"Talk about red tape in railroading! I got tangled up in it while in New York," remarked State Attorney Mitchell to a reporter.

"We took a train on a little railroad to one of the summer resorts, and Mrs. Mitchell feeling ill, I asked the brakeman to turn one of the seats for us. He said he would like to accommodate me, but I would have to speak to the conductor. I spoke to the conductor, and he declared that he would be delighted to accommodate me, but I would have to get an order from the superintendent.

"So I telegraphed to the superintendent and got an order to turn down the seat. I gave the order to the conductor, the conductor passed it over to the brakeman, and the brakeman turned the seat."—Indianapolis News.

THE

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A National Colored Newspaper and the only pictorial colored journal published in the United States. As a bold and fearless champion of the Negro race it has no equal. It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

THE BEST NEGRO PAPER.

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified. and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed,—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement,—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country. The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contempoaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it: Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

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TO AGENTS.

Agents wishing their orders reduced or increased should notify us at once, or they will receive the same number of papers sent them previous to the holiday edition.

HANG THEM IN CONSPICUOUS PLACES.

We send out to our agents with the holiday edition of The Freeman our new and elegant placards, which we trust will be hung up in public places, such as barber shops and newstands and restaurants. Agents wishing more of them can have them by sending 8 cents, the postage on them. tf

Hereafter, all persons paying money to us through agents, will receive a receipt direct from this office in addition to receipt given them by agents whenever the money is turned in at the office. Subscribers will do us a favor by notifying us when such receipts are not promptly received.

THE next issue of The Freeman will contain "Benjamin's Letter on the South," a portrait and sketch of Daniel A. Rudd, editor of the only colored Catholic paper published, and many other interesting features crowded out of the holiday number.

The need of organization among colored men was never so imperative as now, and as if warned by magic, colored men everywhere are calling conventions and organizing leagues. We have before us invitations to five different conventions in as many different States.

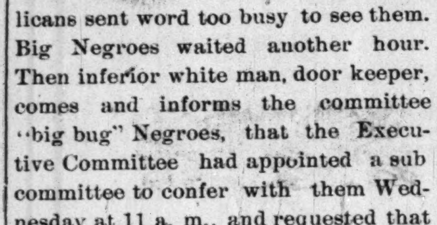
The Afro-American spokesman of Pittsburg, Pa., reads a sensible lecture to one, C. A. A. Taylor and C. A. Jones of that city, who seem to have indulged largely in Billingsgate of late. There is neither sense nor reason for washing the private matters of men before the public.

A great deal of the holiday matter was crowded out, and will appear in our next. We would like to hear from Enderman, of New York City, Czar, of Philadelphia, Eureka, of Galveston, Tex., Buckeye, of Cario, Ill., and Ola Beher, of this city. These persons will oblige us by making their identity known.

At the great request of many patrons the editor consents to the appearance of his portrait in the Freeman to-day. We feel that the many encomiums bestowed are premature, as they relate to Negro journalism. For his fourth estate is entirely new and undeveloped and its great leaverage and possibilities are in the wombs of the future.

IT is to be hoped that the attendance at Chicago, Jan. 15, on the part of those who favor the organization of a National League will be such in point of numbers and influence as will convince the cynically inclined that the Negroes of America have at last awakened to the potency of the great truth that in union there is strength, and that self-preservation is a right, yea a holy privilege. The race that lacks the push, pride and clanistic adhesiveness to act upon, and through this great humanitarian principle, when the reasons that it should are patent to the civilized world, proves itself inadequate to appreciate the only privileges that are supposed to elevate citizenship above serfdom. Let the cry be then, on to Chicago! Not to snatch a brief evanescent fame to yourself, but to do something through suggestion and advice, and sacrifices of time and means, if it be necessary, for the perfect emancipation of the race. Let the best equipped and most influential men be selected as members of the meeting, and no fear need be had for the result. On to Chicago!

WHAT is true of the treatment accorded to a number of distinguished colored men of Chicago by the Republican State Central Committee has been duplicated a thousand and one times by Republican Committees in the North in the last ten years, and is not peculiar to Chicago, any more than it is to Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities. The disease is general, not local, and simply thrives, because Negro Republicans have lacked the manhood and pride to prevent it from thriving. That was a fine feeling that permeated the "noblest Roman of them all" when he exclaimed with flashing eye and heaving breast "I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman." Party appelations and lines sink and are lost sight of, before the crying necessity that colored men should not only have race pride, but personal pride as well. But even granting the possession of both race and individual, pride we must cultivate the moral and physical to back it up and sustain it at all hazards if it be necessary. Contemplate the Chicago incident for instance. Put into a nut shell the circumstances are these. The Republican Committee became alarmed at the exodus of the colored vote to the Democratic party. Sends circular letter to fifteen prominent Republicans appointing a day to meet and confer with white Republicans in parlor "D" Sherman house. Colored "big bug" Republicans repaired to place of meeting at appointed time. Secretary of committee asked that they come again at 3:30 o'clock. Committee called at 3:30. White Republicans sent word too busy to see them. Big Negroes waited another hour. Then inferior white man, door keeper, comes and informs the committee "big bug" Negroes, that the Executive Committee had appointed a sub committee to confer with them Wednesday at 11 a. m., and requested that "You boys be on hands promptly." At that moment allegiance to party should have been put aside, and allegiance to self begun. They should have exclaimed with the spirit of Brutus, "Dog return to the masters you serve and inform them that we are men, not "boys,'; and that in the future we will be found at our places of business.


OUR JOURNALISTS AND LITERARY FOLKS.

Legitime, the deposed President of Hayti, has become quite a lion in Paris.

Ohio has one colored man in her Legislature, the Hon. John P. Green, of Cleveland.

The Progressive American, of Newburg, N. Y., is the latest addition to the list of colored journals.

There is a diversity of opinion on the part of the colored press regardin the merits of the President's message.

The Omaha Progress will please tell the exchanges what kind of hash The Freeman had last week Be honest, Frank.

The next issue of The Freeman will contain a portrait and sketch of D. A. Rudd, editor of the Catholic Tribune, the only Negro Catholic journal published.

The Missouri Baptist Standard offers a premium to the person finding the largest number of errors in its colums, but charges 10 cents for the privilege of doing it.

Miss Lucy W. Smith, one of the brightest young women of the race and a teacher in the State University, at Louisville, Ky., died in Lexington, her old home, week before last.

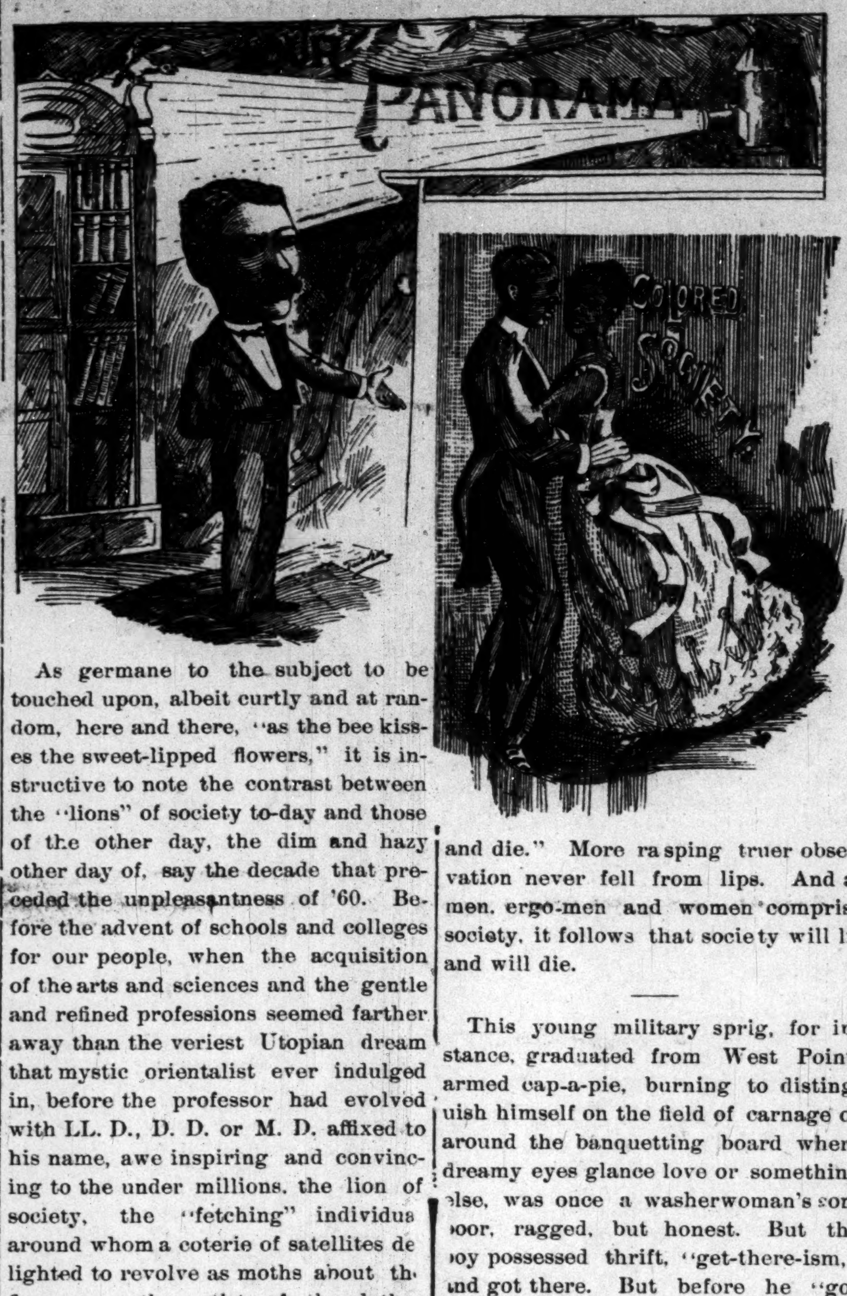
Bishop Payne, en route for Florida, delivered a lecture on "The Only Hope of the Negro's Future," at Pittsburg, Wednesday, Dec. 4th. He takes a gloomy view of the situation.

Harry A. Williams is still studying with Sbriglia in Paris. He will go to London early in '90 to finish the season's engagement with the Fraser Quintette (lady instrumentalists.)

The elevation of a race must not depend upon the rise of any party, but upon the individual character, wealth and education of every component part of the race.—S. W. C. Advocate.

Eddie H. Winn, of Pittsburg, Pa., an Afro-American youth of literary tendencies, has just written a five-act melodrama, "A Heart of Gold." It was played to a large audience in Pittsburg, recently.

The Augusta Sentinel claims to have ideas of its own, and objects to exchanges giving us credit for them. We beg pardon, Brother Wright; we didn't know it before.



As germane to the subject to be touched upon, albeit curtly and at random, here and there, "as the bee kisses the sweet-lipped flowers," it is instructive to note the contrast between the "lions" of society to-day and those of the other day, the dim and hazy other day of, say the decade that preceded the unpleasantness of '60. Before the advent of schools and colleges for our people, when the acquisition of the arts and sciences and the gentle and refined professions seemed farther away than the veriest Utopian dream that mystic orientalist ever indulged in, before the professor had evolved with LL. D., D. D. or M. D. affixed to his name, awe inspiring and convincing to the under millions, the lion of society, the "fetching" individua around whom a coterie of satellites delighted to revolve as moths about the flame was the artist of the lathe, brush and cup. Sneer if you want to, ye scions who depend for your distinction upon the flowers you have plucked high up the steeps of learning's dread and imposing mountain, but your sneer will not change the fact. When it was considered a menacing danger to the Republic to educate the Negro or allow him to educate himself, when many good men with Christian hearts seriously doubted his ability to receive education and instruction outside of the tum-tum-tum of the banjo or guitar, before the reign of the pedagogue, doctor or lawyer had commenced, or was thought would ever commence, it was something of great eclat and distinction to be a barber. And if to that then highest accomplishment conceded to our race was united the other one of strumming the "light guitar," great Scott, men, stand from under! Then gazed you on a Negro possessing a talismanic key that gave him the entree to society's most goody goody and exclusive circles. Mammas with marriageable daughters lay in ambush for him and through the potency of gilt edged invitations, syrean smiles and adulations sought to win his admiration and the prestige that settled like the dew of heaven upon all belonging to his "set."

Presto, change! The barber has disappeared as a bright, particular character in the changing horizon of society. The strolling guitar player is remembered but seldom seen. New "lions" have appeared upon the arena. Frequently old faces in new adjuncts and garbs. The knight of the razor has become the savant. His razors are rusting with disuse. The smell of cytronila and cheap perfumes no longer assails with horrid pertinacity one's sensitive olfactories. In a word, the old regime has passed, the new one has come on. Bless the change for society's sake, for it means the reign of the intellectual.

"Society," repeats the fellow, cynically, not in the "swim," and with no likelihood of getting in, "society is a frand, a cheat and a delusion. An aggregation of mutual admirationites, 'you tickle me and I'll tickle you,' people." Not a very generous opinion, and yet it does sometimes appear truthful and consistent as far as mere personal knowledge and observation goes.

The artist gives us a glimpse of him gliding with military state lines through the mazing waltz, the cynosure of all eyes, the envied of all the beaux. "Society" has forgotten that his mother was a wash woman, and clothing her with the stamp of its countenance and coquetish approval, "Belgravia" is serenely happy and all is as merry as a marriage bell.

"What are these, my master?" asked the servant of an acient philosopher. "Men—a refined name for refined animals, and two facts concerning them we are positive of; they lie and die." More rasping truer observation never fell from lips. And as men, ergo-men and women comprise society, it follows that society will lie and will die.

This young military sprig, for instance, graduated from West Point, armed cap-a-pie, burning to distinguish himself on the field of carnage or around the banquetting board where dreamy eyes glance love or something else, was once a washerwoman's son, poor, ragged, but honest. But the boy possessed thrift, "get-there-ism," and got there. But before he "got there" "society" turned up its dear little nose at his mother, and forbade its curled darlings to play with the boy with a patch on his patch on his pants.

Nevertheless society is a necessity, a generation of hope where is based a continuity of civilizaiion. The man who rails at society rails at himself. For what would man become were it not for the chastening, refining influences of this civilizing force? Its mandates are frequently unjust and savagely cruel, but what of the world when there were no refined animals, when all were savages?

What of the world? What of the Negro race in America when society was something unknown to it, or at best was in such a crude, primitive state as to be hardly distinguisable?

One of the first and most hopeful signs for the future of race, tribe or people is when they commence to resort to the "weeding" process among themselves. When the necessity of discrimination, sepapation and drawing of lines becomes apparent and is acted upon. This disposition is the first and surest premonition of incipient society. Civilization, progression is knocking for admission. The old is departing, the new arriving. Strew flowers in its path and chant your anthems of welcome, for upon the whole it means your benefit and good.

It is human to cling to familiar things The veriest outlaw and witch is survived by some one who drops a tear to his memory. Old conditions, old whims of society give up their breath and are laid away in their graves reluctantly and with grief.

"Cotilions" were once the "fad" in the old, old days. The "german," "raquet," "Newport," etc., do the "stunning" these days.

A tear for the old, old fashions. Scene: Crowded ball room. Lights burning green and blue, hold nectarine decoctions. Sway over particular organisms. Twenty-five "sets" waiting "que vie" for word of command. Two fiddles rasp, one guitar strums, and the command, "honahs all," starts the impatient throng in motion. No "engagement cards," no "select" sets pre-empted the livelong evening by the ultra "fashionable," but a complete absence of "lines" and conventionalities, with but one desire "fun."

Society for once, yea for years delighted in opening wide its arms to the "traveling preacher" in antiquated "stove pipe" with "shiney" satchell. But society has stopped acting that way. Society yawns over the "old fashioned sermon," and gives the old fashioned preacher the "cut direct" in the name of an "educated ministry."

What boots it if a man's heart is all right, and his religion of the kind that Paul and Christ dealt in, if his sermons are not interspersed with classical quotations galore, his popularity is fleeting and evanescent. Dropping Paul, Peter and Jesus, he must take up Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin and Humboldt, and apply their researches as evidences of the non-conflict between science and religion, if he would obtain the cultured nod of society's benign approval. The opinions of the ancient "cronies" that the Master instructed to preach the Gospel to all the world, aint just the thing "you know."

No sir, not a word against society's "dude," not a word. To be sure he's generally brainless, and his clothes are outlandishly "late," but wonderfully as he is gotten up, he exists because society exists, and is a living mile post in the developement of the race.

The other race, or rather society in the other race delights in their fashionable preachers, divines, teachers, lawyers and doctors, progressive dances, plays and receptions, and will not be without their "dudes." Why should not colored society delight in the same indispensible luxuries?

Colored society does. She is just as great; just as fair and cruel, but not more than white society. There is much to condemn; much to praise. Much to hang the head with confusion and shame over. Much to raise the head with pride and rejoicings over.

The finger of disintegration is never still, ever moving over the dial plate of time. The colored race feel its irresitible influences, and with the other races of the earth, is sweeping upward and onward to a surer, higher development. We stop and look back from whence we came, and it is hard to realize that we once were there. We have suffered much, have toiled and struggled and we have thought and acted ridiculously, and will do it many times again, but what of that? We approach the heights, and once there, we shall find repose.

THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, NEWS.

The silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Tolbert was one of the grandest affairs ever witnessed in this city. The absence of cheap things was conspicuous and the presents were numerous, as Mr. and Mrs. Tolbert are very popular and have a host of friends. Mr. Tolbert is one of the best known head waiters in the state. Mrs. Tolbert is a most amiable lady and a leader of society.

During the holiday this city will be a scene of festivities. Entertainments will be given by the A. M. E. Church, Second Baptist, Congregational Church, and the M. Zion Lycium.

The city will be crowded by visitors.

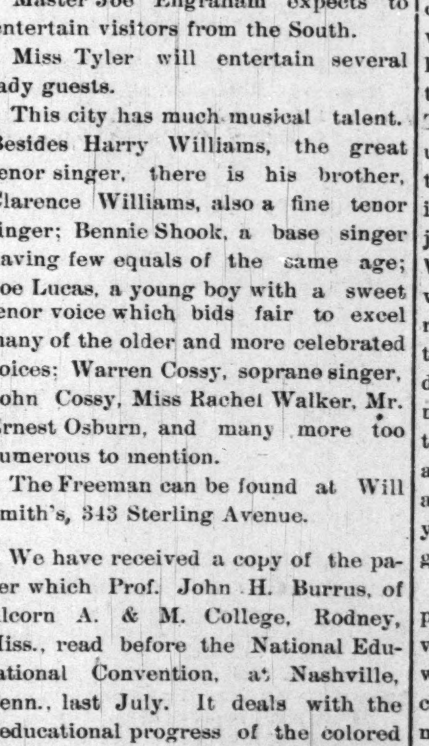
Master Joe Engraham expects to entertain visitors from the South.

Miss Tyler will entertain several lady guests.

This city has much musical talent. Besides Harry Williams, the great tenor singer, there is his brother, Clarence Williams, also a fine tenor singer; Bennie Shook, a base singer having few equals of the same age; Joe Lucas, a young boy with a sweet tenor voice which bids fair to excel many of the older and more celebrated voices; Warren Cossy, soprane singer, John Cossy, Miss Rachel Walker, Mr. Ernest Osburn, and many more too numerous to mention.

The Freeman can be found at Will Smith's, 343 Sterling Avenue.

We have received a copy of the paper which Prof. John H. Burrus, of Alcorn A. & M. College, Rodney, Miss., read before the National Educational Convention, at Nashville, Tenn., last July. It deals with the "educational progress of the colored people of the South" in a clear and manly way, showing the encouraging progress made since the war.



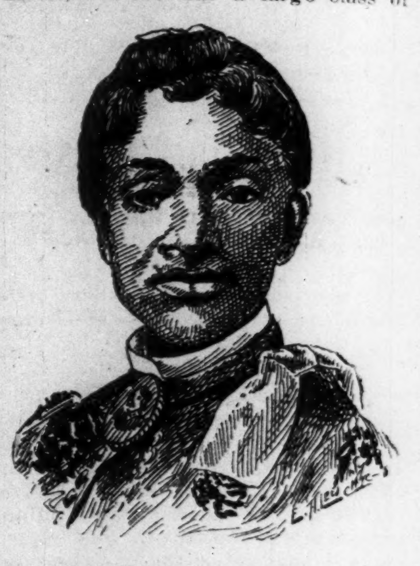
AN OPOSSUM HUNT.

MRS. N. A. R. LESLIE.

Music Teacher of Muskogee, I. T.

The subject of this sketch, is an Eastern lady by birth, but she has spent many years in the West and South, as a worker in the interest of humanity, and of the race. She has traveled through nearly every Southern and Western State lecturing and teaching school. She is now a resident of Muskogee, Ind. T., where she has lived for a number of years, and where she has the utmost confidence and respect of the best people of this place.

She is a lady of tireless energy and industry, and one whom the race can be proud of. She is not only a good citizen, but a tax payer, and the leader in the social and religious world. It should be stated, however, that Madame Leslie's specialty is instrumental music, and she has a large class of young pupil's ranging from nine to twelve years, who are themselves experts at the ivory boards from her tutelage. She also gives lessons on the guitar and mandolin, and to give an idea of her home it is only necessary to state, that she has one fine upright piano, two organs, a guitar and a fine library of books and music, and the arts. Mrs. Leslie is also a church worker, and is Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school in this place.



She was the wife of the late Robert A. Leslie, of New Orleans. Feeling that she could benefit the race, she has consented to take the agency of "The Freeman," and from this on will represent it in the I. T.

WHAT THE NEGRO NEEDS.

Support Our Leaders and Newspapers.

To the Editor of The Freeman.

DEAR SIR:—I read with great interest your valuable paper. It is a welcome visitor to me out here in this my native mountain home I must say in short that your paper has no equal. It hews close to the line and lets the chips fall where tney may, and this is what the Negro race needs and must have if it ever expects to cope with the rest of humanity.

Tne colored race will never progress until it learns to appreciate brains, talent, refinement and culture among its own people, instead of becoming jealous and trying to pull them down. Without these, men and women of advanced thought and culture, the colored race must grope its uncertain way in the wandering clouds of midnight and darkness for ages yet to come. Don't mistake yourselves. You have everything to loose and nothing to gain by attempting to crush out and drive away those who seek to labor with you for the elevation and common good of the race.

I must say in short that the colored people of this community are doing very well. We have two good churches with good congregrations, three groceries owned by colored men, one ten month's school, two good teachers, four drays, one doctor, two students at law and one born mathematician, who has compiled a small book upon the science of numbers that he will put on market soon. For fear my missive will be too long, I will refrain. Allow me to subscribe myself yours for success. S. K.

Pochahontns, Va.

Its a Failing of the Race.

Negro news boys are scarce as Mayflowers. O my, what a lazy, good-for-nothing set of kids there are in Birmingham. The older people are thrifty enough, but I tell you the fact, the parents are raising up the most shiftless set of young half-learned dude in the country—too proud to beg, and too lazy to work.—School Bulletin

Referred to a Certain Indiana Editor.

When a man learns to attend to his own business there is not much danger of him carrying a black eye.—Optic.

RACE GLEANINGS

Hon. Robert Smalls, collector of the port of Beaufort, S. C., is in Washington, D. C.

The Haytien cable has at last reached Charleston. It comes direct from Port-au-Prince.

The plantation stores are the curse of the Southern Negroes. So say Prof. Price of North Carolina.

Ex-President Hayes says that "the salvation of America is indissolubly connected with the Negro."

Herbert A. Clark of Cincinnati, has in this city been appointed transacting clerk in the office of Major Hawkins, Adjutant General of Ohio.

W. H. Smith for a number of years the colored Assistant Librarian of Congress, has been promoted to Librarian in Chief by the Republican Clerk McPherson.

Mr. Calvin Hunter, of Xenia O., is the probable Republican nominee for sheriff of Green county, Ohio. He is a gentleman of high standing and very popular.

A movement has been set on foot by prominent colored men of Washington, D. C., to form a Protective Association, with the object of using every moral legal means to check the various crimes committed against colored citizens.

J. Dashiell has written a letter to the Christian Recorder advising colored people not to emigrate to the portion of Mexico appropriate to them by the government of that county. It is the hottest and most unhealthy portion of Mexico. He speaks from experience, as he has "been da'."

The first day of January will be observed as a day of celebration on the part of the Freedmen in and around Birmingham, Ala. There will be a street parade and demonstrations. Speeches by distinguished orators and patriotic songs by singers of note.

Dr. A. S. Fields, the colored Christian Science physician died at the Riese Hospital last Friday in Chicago from an abcess said to have been cured by faith. The body was sent to Eaton, O., for burial. He was well known here.

An obstacle arises to the proposed union of the Knights of Labor and Farmers' Alliance, in the shape of the colored man who is admitted to the ranks of the former but is denied membership in the latter organization. It remains to be seen whether the Knights will sacrifice their great principle for the gain of this contemplated union.—Springfield Republican.

THE CHICAGO NEWS.

The Drainage—Election—Entire Defeat of the Republican Ticket—Colored Politicians Snubbed—Colored Night School—Personals.

Chicago (Ill.) Special to The Freeman.

On the 12th inst., occurred the election of nine Drainage Trustees. This was one of the most important special elections in our local history. There were 16 candidates in the field: 5 Republicans, 5 Democrats, and 6 citizens on the non-partisan People's ticket. The result was the election of the 6 citizens and 3 Democrats, defeating the entire Republican ticket and 2 Democrats. A number of the leading colored politicians, business and professional men and clergymen, were sent for by the Republican campaign committee to meet and confer with them at certain places and hours, and after sending them away three or four times to call again, when they were finally seen they were told: "You colored boys are all in line and all right, and our time is too valuable to interview you." The colored men took a tumble and made a kick, swearing political vengeance. Many went over to the Citizens, some to the Democrats, and a few remained with the demagogue Republican leaders, as they proved and did not get a single man. Now what's our hide bound colored Republicans going to do?

There are twenty-five free night schools in the city of Chicago for the benefit of those who can not attend in the day, for adults and children, white and colored alike. Locations of some are, North Side; Huron and Franklin streets, Division and Sedgwick sts. South Side: Harrison and Third ave., Calumet ave. and Eldridge st. West Side: Sangamon and Indiana st., Ashland ave. and Carolina st., Warren ave. and Wood st. High School, Monroe and Halstead sts., teaches geometry, bookkeeping, mechanical drawing and short hand writing. All of the above schools are free to all and open every evening from 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. The public library is on the fourth floor of the city hall, free to all. Open daily from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Holidays and Sundays until 6 p. m. One hundred and fifty thousand volumes in library. All of the current literature of note can be found there, including The Freeman. Take elevator to library. Any one being benefited or accepting of these advantages send name and address to The Freeman with occupation, etc.

Ex-Deputy Coroner Kent, who rendered that infamous verdict and the remark that it was pernicious for whites and colored to be employed together, was released from jail on the 12th inst., and if he voted for his friend Winehart its all right, he is in the soup any how, we hope to remain. Who was Hertz (not hurt.)

Hon. H. C. Carter, ex-Secretary of Mississippi, is the most influentia colored politician in Chicago and what he says or does has its sure effect. The young men love him for his sagacity and fearlessness.

Gomully & Geffry, extensive bicycle manufacturers, North Side, have two colored men employed in responsible positions: Mr. Ernest Parker in the Sundry Room, who also does the collecting, the other the Custodian.

The Wm. Lloyd Garrison L. A. K. of L. held a public meeting the 11th inst., at Zion Church. The program of the evening was one of credit, consisting of well prepared addresses, choruses and solos. R. B. Cabbell, Secretary.

E. H. Wright, Esq., bookkeeper in the Secretary of State's office at Springfield, Ill., and Secretary of our State League (colored) was in town last week, interested in the drainage campaign, and his head hasn't swollen any either. He is used to elevations.

There is a movement on foot to make preparations for the Afro-American convention to meet here in January but its success depends.

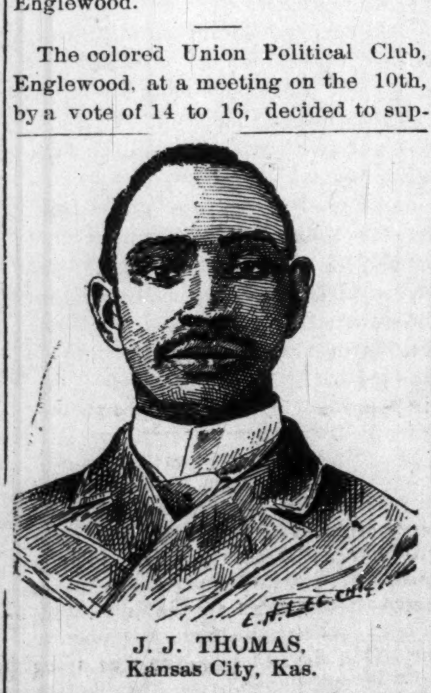
Miss Mamie Williams is dangerously ill at her residence, 38 Crosby st.

Rev. L. H. Reynolds, of St. Stephens, was given a susprise by his congregation the 11th inst.

Rev. Thomas L. Johnson's African Jubilee Singers are making a financial success in our city.

Prof. F. A. Turner gave a literary and musical entertainment to a well filled house, Thursday evening, for the benefit of Shiloh Baptist Church, Englewood.

The colored Union Political Club, Englewood, at a meeting on the 10th, by a vote of 14 to 16, decided to support the Republican Drainage candidates, but got left.



J. J. THOMAS,
Kansas City, Kas.

Evanston and Glencoe, our beautiful suburban towns, with a large, enterprising, thrifty, property owning, colored population, welcome The Freeman. Many of them have large and successful businesses and responsible positions. We also have several churches, secret lodges, and the Afro-American Budget, a monthly magazine. Will contribute to The Freeman from time to time.

THEY ARE NOT LEFT.

How Santa Claus Will Remember a Few Favored Ones.

Christmas comes but once, a year and its advent is always a period of feast and song and rejoicing all along the line. In order that the coming festal day may not be without its alluring features. we kindly furnish Santa Claus with a few hints on what certain prominent persons ought to find in their stockings on Christmas morn.

Young Girls--- sweet hearts.

Old Ones---husbands.

Robt. Pelham--a chance to object.

H. C. Smith--the leadership of Ohio.

The Politician--anything he can get.

Perry Carson---a big Negro convention.

R. R. Wright---the Augusta, Ga. P. O.

Hon. Fredrick Douglass -peace in Hayti.

Hon. B. K. Bruce—Recordership of Deeds.

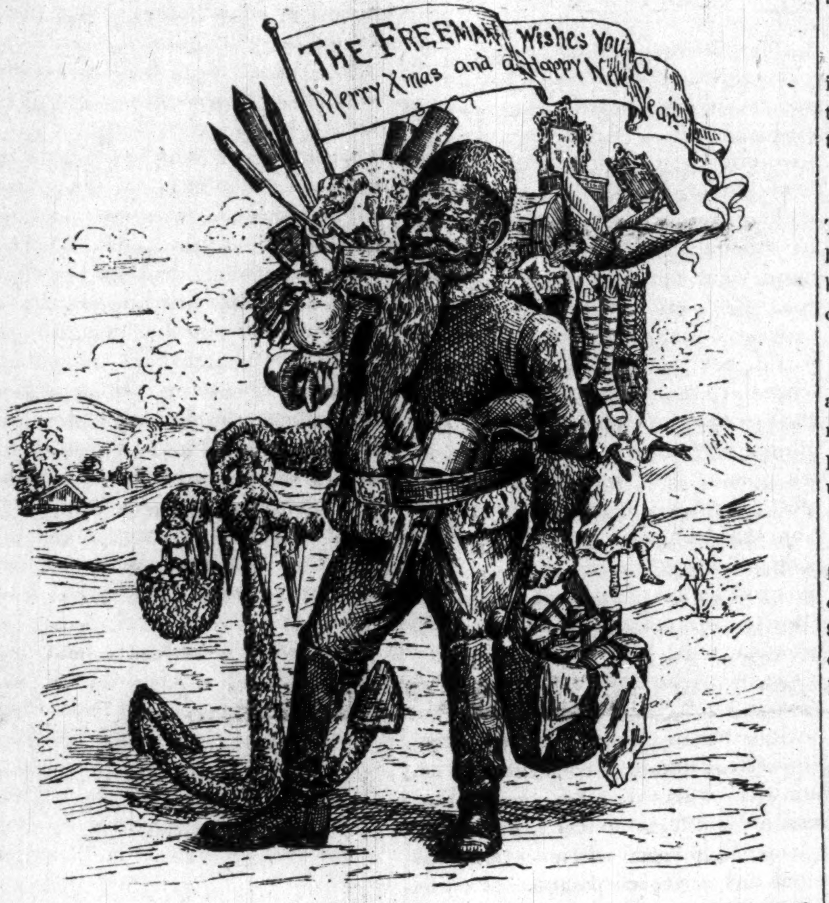
Hon. John M. Langston—a seat in Congress.

Hon. S. A. McElwee—a big law practice.

J. Milton Turner--another Oklahoma bill.

Rev. Thomas L. Johnson--Africa redeemed.

John Q. Adams---a colored police gazette.


THE FREEMAN Wishes You Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

Hon. John L. Waller---the Liberian mission.

L. A. Simpson---twenty columns of advertising,

George L. Knox---the finest barbershop in America.

The Philadelphia Sentinel---a reduction of the tariff.

The Freeman--twenty thousand paid up subscriptions.

P. B. S. Pinchback—the fastest race horse in America.

President Harrison--the scalps of all Negro politicians.

W. A. Pledger--a first-class appointment of any kind.

B. F. Lightfoot---a first-class colored dramatic company.

Rev. J. M. Townsend---a settlement of the Race question.

L. E. Christy---a knowledge of how to run a newspaper.

Dan A. Rudd---the colored race converted to Catholicism.

John Mitchell, Jr.---a stop putto the lynching of colored men.

T. Thomas Fortune--a National Afro-American League.

Rev. W. J. Simmons---a National Colored Industrial School.

Congressman H. P. Cheatham—an opportunity to make a speech.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor---200,000 Negro Democratic votes in 1892.

The Preacher--a large congregation, a big collection, and a pound party.

Hon. John R. Lynch--another interview with a colored newspaper man.

Written for The Freeman.

TOO LATE,

Had we have met long, long ago,
When life was in its first bright glow
Ours might have been a happy fate—
Alas! 'tis now too late, too late.

Or if the tide could backward turn,
Or if the fire again could burn,
We still might pray, we still might wait,
For that which we have found too late.

Of what avail that now we meet
When life is in his winding sheet?
When skies are gray and leaves are sere,
When day declines and night is near,

Of what avail our idle tears
Above the graves of long dead years?
For though grief struggles to the last,
She wins but ashes from the past.

With bitter tears we seek the light,
And turn to heaven our wistful sight
In vain, for who shall bid arise,
Loves April moon in autumn skies.

—Ivanora B. Copeland.

Cincinnati, Dec. 16, 1889.

THE HOLIDAYS IN THE EAST.

The Social and Literary Life of Providence.

Providence, R. I., Special.

May your Christmas be a merry one, and we wish you many returns of the day.

Necessity compels us to withold our "Business Men" article until next week when it will certainly appear.

Another lodge of Knights of Pythias has been organized in this city as an article below will show. There may be many mistakes in said article, but the scribe of this column is not responsible, as it is published as it was given him.

On Dec. 7, Sir R. L. Reed, Supreme Past Chancellor, and Keeper of R. and Seals for the S. of R. T. and Conn. and his assistant, C. C. Randolph had the gratifying pleasure of setting apart Mount Nebo Association as a body of K. of P. There were 33 in all and after the initiatory business was half through, they partook of an elaborate lay out of the various viands of the season. They resumed their business and finished about 4:30, including the dedication of the hall,

Officers of the new body: Geo. W. Lee, P. C. C., E. A. Rollins, C. C., Richard H. Johnson, V. C., Moses J. Ford, Prelate, J. H. Washington, Exchequer, J. H. Miller, S. K. of R. and S., R. H. Jefferson, K. of Finance, H. W. Brown, I. G., Charles Taylor, M. of Arms, J. C. Parkerson, Outer Guard.

A very interesting Old Folks' concert was given by the little folks of Congdon Street Baptist church. The children were very tastefully dressed as old folks. A march was played by Mrs. F. Peters. A very good harmonica solo was played by Miss Annie Black. Recitations and solos were very well rendered by the little folks who did much credit to their teacher's, the Mrs. F. Peters and Ballou. After the exercises, a few remarks were made by Rev. Combash, of Allen chapel. He said that the day was at hand when the responsibility of the parent was very great, and that the parents should teach the child when young to do that which the Creator intended should be done. The entertainment was a financial success.

A Colored Man Outstrips Them

A vacancy occured in the registered letter division at the Richmond Post Office by the resignation of a white clerk in that department. The Civil Service Board was requested in accordance with law to certify three names from which to select. The names were sent and it was found that two were Democrats and one Republican. The Republican had obtained the highest per cent of the three, having made 98 out of a possible 100. He was appointed and it turned out that Mr. Emmett Harris, colored was the lucky man. A white mad was transferred to the vacant position and he was given his position as stamp clerk.

The position, that was made vacant by resignation paid $1500 per year that to which Mr. Harris was appointed $500.

Wanted No Such Risk

Agent—Suppose you let me write a policy on this building.

Owner—Why, its fireproof.

Agent (retreating)— I didn't know that. Pardon me wouldn't take it.

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper is lecturing in Ga.

: : :

Mrs. Josephine Turpin-Washington is sojourning in Florida.

: : :

Mrs. Amanda Eubanks of Ga. is the richest colored woman in America

: : :

Miss. Ida B. Wells is the cheif editorial writer on the Free Speech and Headlight of Memphis Tenn.

: : :

Miss Gordon who went from Georgia as Missioniary to Africa has an interesting letter in the Baptist Leader of Ala.

: : :

Miss Hallie Q. Brown, of Ohio and an elocutionist of national repute is a teacher in Allen University, Columbia S. C.

: : :

Mrs. J. T. Thomas of St. Louis Mo., is the wealthiest colored woman in that state. She pays taxes on more than $100,000.

: : :

Mrs. Geo. L. Knox and Mrs. M. C. Turner have bought an interest in the hair culture company heretofore owned by Miss Rebecca E. Elliott of Cincinnati O.

: : :

Public Printer Palmer has appointed a young colored lady in the press room which is known as the most prejudiced department of the Government Printing office.—Washington Bee.

: : :

Mrs. Essie Thornton wife of Indiana's famous colored detective is the finest caterer in the state. She received $10 a day when she works and owns one of the most elegantly furnishes homes in Indianapolis.

: : :

The American Baptist brings us the sad intelligence of the death of Miss Lucy Wilmot Smith late instructor in the State University, Louisville, Ky., and one of the most highly cultured and versatile female writers of the race. The University has lost a most estimable worker, and the race a worthy representative.

: : :

Mrs. "Dolly" Johnson of Louisville Ky. left this week to take the position of cook at the White House. For many years she was the efficient cook for Colonel John Mason Brown, who says she is one of the finest in the United States. She is about thirty-seven years of age, has a dignified and refined appearance and a fairly good education. Some three months ago she left Colonel Brown's service and went to her old home, but at Mrs. Harrison's urgent request, consented to go to Washington.

We wish you a Merry Christmas.

: : :

Louis L. Brown is resting in New York.

: : :

The theaters will undoubtedly reap a harvest next Wednesday.

: : :

The Fisk Jubilee Singers are drawing packed houses in Iowa.

: : :

Attention is called to the advertisement of Tragedian Lightfoot in another column.

: : :

Baltimore is now claiming Mr. Will H. Peirce, the well known tenor singer, as its own.

: : :

Last week Mme. Nellie Brown Mitchell appeared in New York. This week Mme. Adelaide Smith Terry will make her appearance. Both these singers are from Boston and are two of the most cultured artists the race has produced.

: : :

We are informed by good authority that Greene's Colored Minstrels have disbanded.

: : :

Old Zip, better known as Barnum's "What Is It," and Ashbury Ben, the Leopard Boy, are doing an act together in Minneapolis, Minn.

: : :

Lew Johnson's Minstrels have at last reached California, and from the present outlook business will make Lew several dollars richer.

: : :

One of the finest organists and pianists of the South is Miss Cora Hawley, formerly of Bridgeport, Conn., but now residing at Wilmington, N. C.

: : :

Mr. George Jackson, of Providence, is filling many engagements in the East and making an enviable reputation as a piano soloist and accompanist.

: : :

W. S. Cleveland, the young and energetic minstrel manager, of Cleveland Haverly fame, proposes to put on the road next season the greatest colored minstrel party ever known.

: : :

Sam Lucas and wife seem to find too much business in the West to allow them to come East. They are still playing Kohl, Middleton & Co.'s circuit.

: : :

Mr. Will Watts, who accompanied the New York Concert Company to the West Indies, has returned and speaks of being satisfied with one trip of that nature, yet he expects to return in a few days under different management.

: : :

At Providence Opera House, week of 23: Mr. Robert Mantell, in his grand production of "The Corsican Brothers." Keith's Gaiety Opera House: the realistic presentation of "The Fugitive."

: : :

Miss Flora Batson, who has delighted so many people in America with her sweet voice, contemplates a trip to Europe next year. She is at present in California. She has completely recovered from a recent illness.

: : :

So much has been said of late in condemnation of the drama, the stage, its critics and its influence that I have decided to give our readers some insight on this matter, and in a few weeks will appear an article entitled, "The Dramatic Critic and the Influence of the Drama and Stage."

: : :

Mr. John Dorris, the very pleasing baritone, of Worcester, Mass., has surprised the people of his city of late by appearing, a few nights ago, as a whistling soloist. He has been studying for several months and had kept it a complete secret from even his most intimate friends, and when he made his debut he took the house by storm.

: : :

Below we publish a very good poem from the pen of Rev. Walter H. Brooks, pastor of the Nineteenth st. Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

All matters intended for the stage column should be addressed to "Trage," 115 Meeting street, Providence, R. I. Queries

: : :

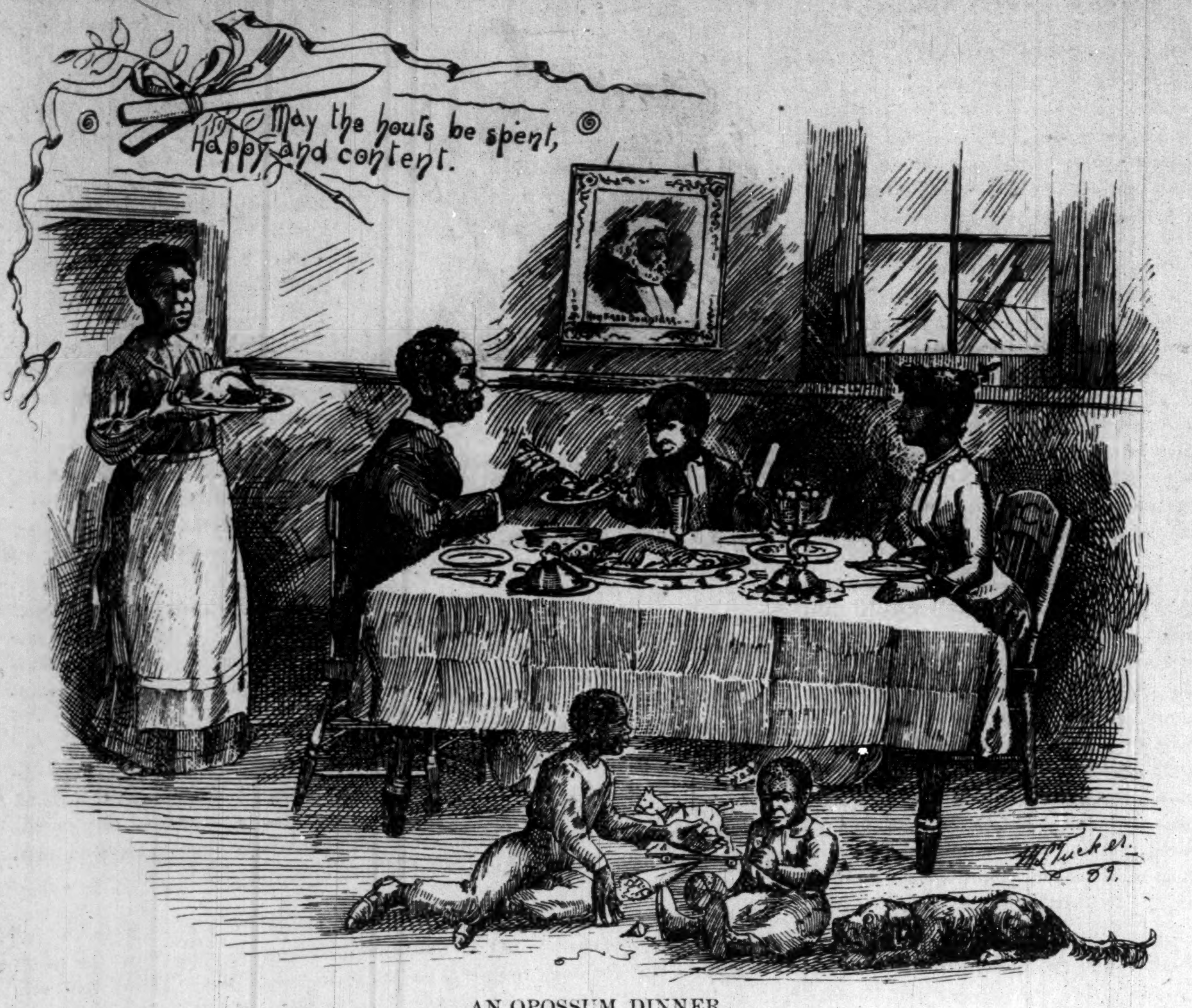
There are two parties negotiating with Mme. Matilda S. Jones, prima donna, for a trip to the West Indies and South America, and if terms can be agreed upon she will sail in a few days with her own company. Many of her friends will be sorry to hear this as it was expected that she would make a tour of America this season.

: : :

Queries concerning the stage answered through these columns. Routes of artists published free of charge. Articles concerning the stage should be sent to "Trage" by Saturday of each week at 115 Meeting St., Providence. We would like to have every artist in America send us their name, address and line of business they do. tf

: : :

Our editor has striven to give the people a paper for this week which, after it is read, will make the readers feel as though they were living in Bohemia. Some will ask: "Where is Bohemia?" In the words of Harry Hamilton I answer: "Anywhere, everywhere, nowhere! It exists in the hearts of its denizens, in the lives of those who love it. It is the land of staunch comradeship, of kindly sympathy, of kindred interests, where hearts beat high and hands grasp firm; where poverty is no disgrace; where charity does not chill. The land where the primitive virtues have fled for refuge from the shams of society, and where Mrs. Grundy holds no sway."


May the hours be spent, happy and content.
H. Tucker. 89.

AN OPOSSUM DINNER.

FOR LOVE OF HIM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FREDERICK W. BURCH.

Written for The Freeman.

It was Commencement night at the High School. Throughout the great assembly room was the rustle of silks and satins; and the delicate odor of perfumery mingled with the fragrance of all manner of flowers and plants reached the remotest corner. The elite of the city had gathered this warm June night to see the graduating class bid farewell to its alma mater, and to wish them God-speed on their journey along the path of life—the path which we all tread, and which sooner or later leads to a Life that is more than life or a Death far worse than death. The graduates were doing nobly, and, judging from the applause so liberally bestowed, the audience was satisfied to a very high degree.

The programme had nearly reached its close when expectancy became the order of the night. The class historian, a fair young girl, was delivering that always interesting production, and the next piece on the programme was an oration, "The Macedonian Cry." by John A. Wilson. Instantly, as the applause bestowed on the fair historian ceased, it broke out afresh for the new speaker, the only Afro-American in the class, who stood brave and smiling before the audience showing its appreciation of him so finely. It was a proud moment for him truly, for looking backward at the class he could see none of his race, and looking forward over the audience very few; and as he gazed the feeling grew strangely strong: this audience recognized him as a man, and looking beyond his color saw the God-given talent which was stamped on every line and feature of his fine, intellectual face. Not a handsome face as far as beauty was concerned, but rendered grand and noble by the pure, high-toned thoughts which make any true man's face far more beautiful than the standard set by the world.

As has been said, it was a proud moment for him. Always poor, his whole High School course had been one of toil and hardships for him. But the last year had far surpassed the others in the intensity of its toil and in the trying of his patience, for at the beginning of this last year, which was ending so auspiciously for him, his father had suddenly sickened and died and left him to care for the three brothers and the invalid mother whose very soul was wrapped up in the noble son God had given her, and who now, almost at the beginning of his career, must give up his fair dreams of the future, because she, a poor, sickly woman, must be kept alive at the expense of her son's intellectual life. He had determined upon entering a Divinity School and fitting himself for a minister of the Gospel, and the thought that she must be the cause of his not following his loved vocation was a terrible one to her. It was more than she could bear to think of, and straightway she declared her intention of working for him so that he would not be compelled to leave his school work. It was then his nobility made itself manifest. Clasping the mother fondly in his arms he declared his intention of staying in school and supporting her also; and so firmly was his declaration made that the widow concluded to let him follow his own plan, and if she could not help him with her hands she could at least pray for strength for him.

Then the struggle began. Not to enter his Divinity studies—that must be postponed indefinitely or stopped altogether—but to finish his High School course as a member of the same class in which he had started and to which he had been an ornament so long. It was not long before the report of his toil became noised around the business part of the city and in the school halls. When men told each other how the young man slept but five hours a day regularly, and worked all the rest of the time except during his school hours, a movement was set on foot to help him.

Ten months of this struggle had passed. Through the cold of the severe Michigan winter he had steadily persevered, although many a time he thought it would be at the cost of his life. And to-night the reward was his, for he was not only to finish here, but the dream of his life was to be fulfilled, and from here he was to go to the Divinity school, and the mother, whom he loved so dearly, was to be cared for by friends who had been raised up to him in his extreme need. The pride which filled his breast was the pride of a good man, for, although he was graduating with scholars who were young in years, he had passed his majority three years ago and all a man's feelings and purposes were his. The pride which filled his breast was different than that which surged through the breasts of his classmates, many of whom came from homes of luxury and the lap of wealth, and to whom work and want were both strangers.

While delivering the thoughts of his fertile, cultivated brain, his eye roamed over the audience and rested more than once on a girl, who for beauty was the equal of any girl in the room. To her two years ago had his heart been given, and all the true, pure love of a life with it. This was before he had determined to become a minister, and many had wondered that this beautiful, dashing girl had loved the slow, undemonstrative man, and afterwards she had wondered too, for when a year after their engagement he had announced his determination to become a minister, she, with fine, angry scorn had repulsed him, and had told him in words not to be misunderstood that if he supposed she was going to be a minister's wife he was mistaken, and that had he declared such to be his intention a year ago she would be spared the pains of breaking their engagement now. Never would she forget the gentle dignity of his manner on that occasion as, drawing himself up, he said:

"Much as I love you, dear, and much as I would endure for you, I thank God that before it was too late He has shown me how little true womanhood there is in your nature, and how little fitted you are to become any true man's wife. May God forgive you as I do, and although from this moment you and I go apart, yet should you ever wish to bid me God-speed or to regret the step you have so foolishly taken, do not hesitate t

To-night, as Katharine Brown at chained by the matchless stream of eloquence which flowed from his lips, his words came back to her. Did she wish him well? Her heart and lips both answered, yes. Did she regret her step taken? Her heart said once more, what her lips would not say, yes. For time had enlightened her, and the love she had thought to crush would not be crushed, and as she looked at him to-night with new eyes, she saw that instead of a poor, struggling minister, she had lost a rich, triumphant man; rich in Nature's noblest gifts; triumphant in the knowledge that he had conquered and would conquer all obstacles. And as the bursts of applause rang out during and after the oration, and as the people crowded round him wishing him success and tendering their congratulations to him, the sense of loss came home to her more forcibly than ever. She at least had his permission to wish him well whenever she chose, that was one consolation; and why not do so now? She waited until he was alone and approached him. He was bending over some of his flowers and did not see her or hear her approach.

"You told me once that if ever the chance came, or the feeling, to wish you well, I might do so," began she, softly, "and now I have come. I congratulate you on the excellence of your oration, and to my congratulations add my heartiest wishes for your welfare."

He listened to the low, calm tones, and then said, gently:

"Thank you, Kathie." Kathie was her old pet name with him. "A word from you does my heart more good than any I have heard to-night. So you have come only to say good luck to me? I thought, perhaps, that you had come to tell me I could hope for the future, and at the end of my college life you would be mine."

Her heart rose up in stubborn rebellion to the words she was about to say, but she said them ever so bravely, looking into his eyes bravely and steadily and without flinching:

"Must you continue to think that my old passion lives? It died when our engagement ended, it had been dying before, and now it has no place in my thoughts, only as the memory of an unpleasant event I would gladly drive from me. And should I change, suppose I did regret, think you I would tell you? Do you imagine that every instinct of maidenly modesty is so dead within me that I should come to you and beg to be taken back to your love? No! Were you pleading in the dust, if you were dying even, and that word from me would save you, I would see you die ere I spoke it."

"Well," said he painfully and slowly in reply, "I have given you your choice. I may have been mistaken in leaving it all to you to say, but I spoke once, and when speaking is done between us again, you will do it. Good bye.

He had gone, leaving her where she stood, a sense of shame and humiliation gradually filling her and crushing her beneath its weight. She, the proud woman, who had seen many men leave her side, and had given them not even as much as a thought, felt humbled to the dust. But her pride came to her aid.

"It is better," she said to herself. "He has gone out of my life, and he shall stay out of it."

She kept her word.

* * * * * * * *

"Katie dear, won't you go out with me to night? Our new church is to be dedicated, our new choir and organ will be heard for the first time, and above all our new minister is to preach his opening sermon. I want you to go. You have been here two years, and haven't been out at all; certainly you should go out to night, and its Christmas Eve, too."

The speaker was Lizzie McLinn, the teacher of music in the College where our friend Katherine Brown held sway as professor mathematics. More than four years have passed since we saw her last, and yet she is the same haughty, unbending woman. She had been teaching in this College in the South, and had made but few friends, but Lizzie McLinn was her firm friend.

If she ever wondered why Katherine was so cold and reserved, she never gave words to her wonderment, but loved her because she was from the North, and had been her friend when she came here to teach music.

Katherine yawned slightly. Truth to tell, she was lonely and this was Christmas Eve, why not go out? Before, she had gone home to spend the holidays, but now she was here to see what a Southern Christmas like. It was so different to her Christmas at home. Here was wamrth, there cold and snow; around her was light and gladness, and in her heart a cold, dark despair, which only a most powerful will controlled.

Since she and John had parted they had been as the dead, as far as intercourse with each other was concerned. He had finished, she knew, but where he was located she had not the slightest idea. In her attempt to keep him out of her life she was generally successful, but to-night that face haunted her as the ghosts of the dead haunt their old habitations, and she could not shut out the visions from before her. Yes, she would go anywhere, for to sit here alone and think of the Christmas Eve so many years ago, when her betrothal occurred, was maddening; so she turned to her friend Lizzie.

"Your new minister," she said, scornfully. "I suppose he is some old cast off glossed over and palmed off on this suffering, dying congregation as brand new, or else some one who has been worn partially out elsewhere, and has come here to complete the process. Which is it, Lizzie, my dear?"

"It's neither was the quick reply. "He is very young yet, although he has been preaching already. He rejected a most tempting offer in the North, so that he might come South, where he recognizes the needs of our people. Our church looks beautiful, and every one is enthusiastic over the arrangement of affairs, because a Christmas dedication and installation is a decided innovation, you know. Will you go, Katie, dear?"

"Yes, I'll go," was the short answer.

When they arrived at the church it was crowded. The new minister was evidently there, judging by the satisfied look on the faces of many of the congregation; but he was behind the altar now and could not be seen. Katharine was indulging in the preliminary glance around the church, which women always take when a deep, rich tone she knew too well urrested her attention and drew her gaze to the pulpit.

There he was. The years had used him well, and his old friend Work had agreed to make no inroads on his health: consequently, a nobler-looking man than the Rev. John A. Wilson standing behind any sacred desk would be hard to find the length and breadth of our land. Filled with the Negro's native gift, eloquence toned and beautiful by educational finishings, it is small wonder that from the time he commenced his sermon until he closed he had his congregation held spellbound and irresistibly drawn to him by the magnetism of his presence, which to a minister counts so much.

His theme was the old, old message of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men." It was handled in a masterly way, and the clearness of his language, the brilliance of his logic and the beauty of his eloquence completely carried his audience by storm, and they could almost imagine they were of the party of awe-struck shepherds who heard from angels' lips so many years ago this grand message.

Katherine sat listening, not to the speaker, but the voices within her. Her heart time and again, during the sermon, accused her of throwing away the most priceless jewel ever bestowed on a woman—of crushing a true, pure lover under foot. Her old objection to the life of a minister's wife had gone long ago, for the finer, truer sensibilities of her nature had seen the nobility of such a life. What then hindered? Nothing but a pride stronger than life or death, a stubborn, unyielding pride which swallowed up every other feeling. And even if she did wish to have him back, if she could humble herself to tell him she had always and would always love him, had his opinion of her changed? Once he had told her she was unfit to be any man's wife, and now the words came back to her, and rankled in her heart like an arrow which could not be taken out, except by the hands which placed it there.

She found herself at last, drawn out of her reverie by his closing words.

"To-morrow all over our civilized earth our Lord's birth is celebrated. Hundreds of years have passed since the angelic host on Bethlehem's plains gave this message which has gone down through the ages and will continue to do its grand work, until time shall be rolled up as a scroll and eternity take its place. Those words have lost none of their meaning or force; if our Creater declared through these heavenly messengers his good feeling for us, may we not in humble imitation of Him, strive to spread peace and good will? And how may we do it? By casting aside all pride and malice, by clothing ourselves with the spirit of universal brotherhood and forgiving and forgetting old grudges and enmities, resolve that we shall not live in vain, and that our world will be made better because we live in it.

When he finished, her mind was made up. Her love had conquered all, and was madly demanding utterance. As though in a vision, she saw the utter folly of having supposed for a moment that he was dead forever to her. She must go to him now, even if he rejected her—even if his love were another's—she must go and tell him that now, if never before, she regretted her rash step, and had cast aside pride and malice, and had and would love him always. Her love had humbled her.

She knew he had not seen her—indeed, she knew he was ignorant as to her dwelling place. So she went outside on the church steps and standing away from the door on the upper step, she waited as she had done once before, until he should be alone. Then, she had wished him God speed: now, she was going to ask for the love she had so unwisely rejected. A feeling not much different than fear came over her, but she was determined now, and she would speak.

He came at last. While the sexton was covering the furniture he came to the door alone, as she wished—and looked up at the stars. Involuntarily the words came to his lips.

"Six years ago to-night we were engaged. If I could see her now, my cup of happiness would be full. I forgive and forget all and ask again, just to see her once."

"Kattie!"

"John!"

No false pride now on either side; no wrong or selfish thoughts—only true, pure love.

"John," she said softly—oh, so softly—"can you forgive me, and love me as you did? I—"

"My darling," he interrupted, "my darling, my life, my love, my all, you have come to me once more to-night. You have come to me as—"

"Your Christmas gift, John," she said gayly.

As he pressed his lips once more, the stars shone down upon them, and the old, old song of the angels—the song of all humanity seemed to float and hover around them, making their new betrothal far holier and happier than the old.

"Peace on earth, good will to man."

A Little Girl's Logic.

A little Boston-born girl, who was very delicate in health, and who lost her mother at an early age, was sent with her nurse into a small country town, where it was thought she would thrive better than in the city. All sorts of town sights were unknown to her. One day, just as she was lying down for her midday nap, she heard a hand organ in the distance. In an instant she was alert.

"What is that?" she asked eagerly.

"It's a hand organ," replied the nurse.

"Well, might I see it?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "It will come by here, and the man shall stop and play for you."

But the hand-organ man didn't come; he went another way. When the child was told of it, and that consequently she couldn't see the organ, she laid her head down on her cot pillow in the most resigned manner, merely crying:

"It seems to me that God and hand organs are very much alike. One hears a great deal about them, but one never sees them."

NAVAL ETIQUETTE.

Politeness Exceeding Anything Practiced on Terra Firma.

Everybody Salutes Everybody Else—What Constitutes a Good Gun Salute—Manning the Yards, Cheering the Ship, Etc.—The Guns Allowed Various Officials.

Most visitors to a man-of-war are struck by the cleanliness, order and compactness of everything on board, where so many men live so close together, and yet perfect discipline is preserved—even greater than among the same number in a regiment of soldiers.

But a few moments' consideration, writes Dr. E. Shippen, in Golden Days, will show that, in such a confined space and with constant intercourse, great attention to forms and to the exactions of respect must be shown, to prevent such a mass of men, crowded close together, from degenerating into a mob.

So we see, at every moment, salutes by touching and raising the cap, first by the inferior in rank, but always scrupulously returned by the superior, while all sentries salute passing officers—the juniors by raising the hand to the rifle, while the latter is at "the carry," and senior officers by "presenting" arms. And this is done whenever they pass, if it be ten times in an hour.

This saluting in military services is based upon the theory that small arms are placed at the disposal of the person whom it is desired to honor; while with the great guns it was formerly the habit to fire salutes while shotted, and thus leave the pieces harmless, and at the mercy of the party saluted. But this firing of shotted guns led to so many accidents to the persons whom it was designed to honor that it gradually fell into disuse, and blank cartridges were used instead.

The number of guns allowed to officials is as low as five—for a Consul, but it is always an uneven number—for, ever since gunpowder was used, an even number of guns was considered unlucky and the odd number observed.

The writer well remembers the start given by the firing of three guns in a Yamen, or official residence of a high Chinese official, as a party of Americans were making an official visit.

The Chinese salute is three guns—and these three were almost buried in the earth of a court-yard through which the party had to pass, and were fired almost under their feet as they passed, causing a very natural start in persons unused to that way of showing respect.

Salutes with great guns occur more frequently in foreign ports than in our own, as guns are fired upon the visit of foreign officers to our men-of-war, and also when ours are returned. Then, on national holidays or anniversaries, foreign men-of-war who happened to be in port with the vessel celebrating are all notified and requested to join in a salute, probably in dressing the ships with flags.

For instance, in Rio Janeiro, a great naval stopping place, there will often be Brazilian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, English, American and other men-of-war. Now, if the Fourth of July is at hand, the American Admiral sends an officer round to each one, with his compliments, and to say that on that day he will dress his ship with flags and fire a national salute at noon; and each of the foreign captains sends back his compliments and will be happy to follow his motions. So, on the Fourth of July, in addition to the dressing of the ship, each one fires twenty-one guns

If a national salute is fired the flag of the country saluted is hoisted at the fore, and hauled down at the last gun. If it is a personal salute the jib is hoisted with the first gun and hauled down with the last.

Often with very exalted persons, such as kings or the president of the United States, the yards are "manned;" that is, life-lines are rove from the lifts of the yards to the masts, and the men stand upon the yards close to each other.

Sometimes the crews are ordered into the lower rigging and three cheers are given, the time being marked by the rolling of drums. This is called "cheering ship," and is often done when another ship of the squadron, which has completed her service, sails "homeward bound."

When coming on board or leaving the ship officers are attended by the boatswain or his mate, with side-boys, who are supposed to hand the man-ropes. When there are no man-ropes the boys stand on each side of the gangway and raise their caps, while the boatswain pipes a long-drawn, peculiar sound from his pipe. In addition to this the Admiral or Commodore is received by the marine guard, drawn up on the quarter-deck, and the roll of the drum.

When the colors are hoisted or lowered everybody uncovers and the music plays; and every one, officer or man, on coming upon the quarter-deck, which is the reserved spot for all ceremony, touches his cap.

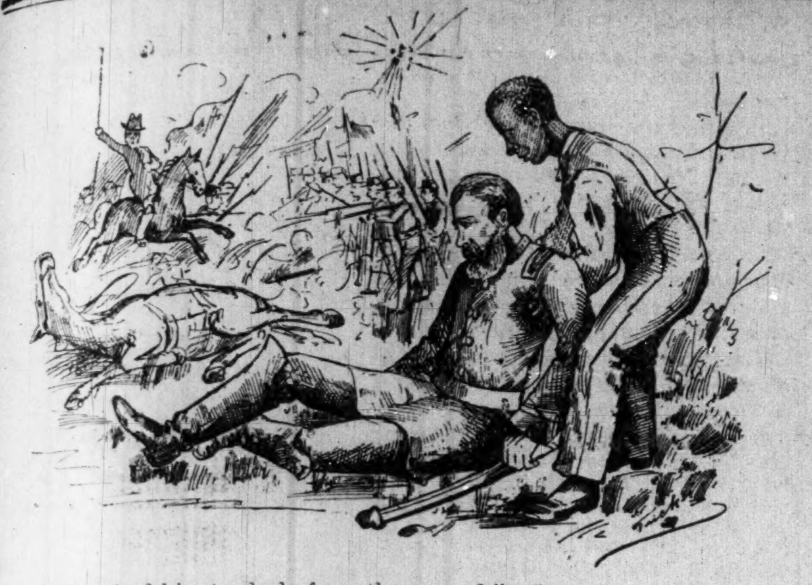
At first people make a great many mistakes and ommissions in all this cap-touching; but in a very short time it becomes a second nature and is done almost mechanically.

Left His Bride Behind.

Windham folks are laughing at a newly-married man of that town who went to Portland shopping, taking his bride with him, but who forgot her when he started for home and had nearly reached Windham before the uneasy consciousness that he had forgotten something finally resolved itself into the realization of the fact that it was his wife who was left behind. An absent-minded Lewiston youth had a similar experience a few years ago, only he didn't remember the missing lady until somebody at home asked why she hadn't returned.—Lewiston Journal.

Tonsorial Item.

Judge (who is bald-headed): "If half what the witnesses testify against you is true your conscience must be as black as your hair." Prisoner: "If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.—Texas Siftings.



"He raised him tenderly from the ground."—See story, page 2.

THE FOREMOST JOURNALIST,

Of the Negro Race—Edward Elder Cooper, Editor and Proprietor of The Illustrated Freeman—A Practical man, a Ready Man, a Business Man.

[illegible] or The Freeman.

Where he came from, how he reached the stage, or rather, you might say, mile stone in his life's journey, what he has become up to this time as we observe of men, I shall try to write about briefly and without exaggeration or embellishment. That accomplished I shall stop.

It is the habit of prophecy to predict, and of ordinary men the habit is well enough and is to be condoned and looked over. The subject of this sketch, however, is not an ordinary man. He is something more. Taking the risk of being charged with triteness, I shall record him an extraordinary man, and as such, deserving somewhat of extraordinary treatment and handling. His life work up to this time has been accomplished to his great honor and credit "despite those twin gaolers of the daring heart—low birth and iron fortune," and must be sufficiently indicative of what his future will be if spared to develop it, without anticipation from my pen. I shall try to "make a picture of him" as best I can in the compass allowed me, and will trust my readers to supply whatever may be lacking.

As is true of the great majority of the really big colored men of the country, Mr. Cooper is a Southern product, but early in life, without money or friends, but full of pluck and ambition, selected the North for his future home and field of operations. The great national centennial year found him not "a looker on in Vienna," at Philadelphia, but a temporary citizen in the capacity of a hotel waiter. The booming of cannon had died in silence, the acclaims that had gathered from the four corners of the earth had subsided, the hundredeth anniversary of American independence had come and gone, the great Republic tripping gayly and confidently into her second century of existence, when young Cooper, turning his footsteps towards the setting sun, selected Indianapolis, the Hoosier metropolis, as his permanent home. Having preceded Mr. Cooper to the "city of concentric circles," I remember as though it were yesterday the impression he made upon me when meeting him for the first time a few months after his arrival in the city. A literary and debating society was being conducted at that time under the auspices of the Vermont street A. M. E. church, and the occasion was a gala one, a joint anniversary of some nature, the building being crowded to its utmost cacapacity. A hitch had taken place relative to the creation of some committee and the manner in which they should discharge certain duties placed to their quota of work. Opinions were being asked for and given. More out a sense of mischief than any thing else, somebody suggested that Mr. Cooper be heard from. Mr. Cooper was a stranger and a very quiet and reticent one at that. All eyes were immediatly turned upon him with the seeming idea that he would shrink out of sight and make the usual excuse of "little people" of having nothing to say. Not so with young Cooper. He rose to his seet and in a quiet, dignified and impressive manner, without flourish or froth, and in choicest clean cut English made the best talk of the evening, counseling system and method in the proceedings, and long before he took his seat the house had grown very still, the "smart Alicks" who expected to have some sport with him had grown as passive as doughmen, and young Cooper introduced himself once and for all to the Indiana public. During his first year in Indianapolis he worked for his board and clothing, with the privilege of attending school. His financial ability to provide for and dress himself was somewhat improved during his second and third year at school, by handling and selling books, being a very successful salesman. His fourth year at school, and time of graduatiou, was the first distinct epoch in his life up to this time, from which he felt guaranteed to predicate and build for himself a future. Not a mere future of heart throbs, "come day and go day," for any animal called a man might expect that for himself, but one fraught with the fruits of industry, integrity, frugality and perseverance. Armed with health, youth and a good education, what cared he for the brambles that grew across the path of his race's onward career, or the environments that beset his earlier years? A live, wide awake American youth, pregnant and burning with a determination to do and act, he wasted no time in chanting a requiem of regret over the condition of his race, or because his face was bronzed and burnished by nature's inexplicable irony, but calling the world his cocoanut, made up his mind to open it and obtain some of the meat.

In connection with his graduation I think I ought to state that he was the sole colored member of a class of 65, and then he came down the "stretch" and across the line "neck and neck" with the first ones out.

The year '82 found him in the United States Railway Mail Service, soon becoming one of the most proficient men in that difficult and exacting branch of government work, going from class 5, to class 1, at the time of his retirement from service.

In 1886 he had full charge of his car, being the only colored postal clerk that ever had a corps of white clerks as subordinates under him.

In the spring of '82, and yet while in the government service, he in connection with Edwin F. Horn and oththers, began the publication of the "Colored World" issued at Indianapolis. The venture was a success in the beginning, but owing to change of "runs," Mr. Cooper was compelled to sever his connection with the paper, a stock company taking hold of it.

Leaving the government service in '86, he once more connected himself with the "World," then, as now, known as the "Indianapolis World," and from a puny weakling, head over heels in debt, run without system or method, with a half paid circulation of less than five hundred, within six months he booked a bonafide circulation of two thousand on a solid and paying basis.

One year later, selling out his interest he left it, one of the best equipped, best paying, more widely read and clipped, than any newspaper that had been published in the Union by colored men, up to this time.

THE FREEMAN.

July 14, 1888, he began the publication of "The Freeman," the first illustrated newspaper ever published by a colored man in the world. Its success has been phenomenal.

The meed of superiority has been freely accorded it by newspapers and individuals all over the Union. Amonst "The Freeman's" list of exchanges is a class of papers and periodicals, that no paper published by colored men in the world ever receives. To mention a few: Chicago Tribune, Inter-Ocean and News, Baltimore American and Sun, New York World, Sun and Tribune, Boston Herald and Post, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Louisville Courier Journal, Atlanta Constitution, Cincinnati Enquirer and Commercial Gazette, Indianapolis Journal, Sentinel and Sun, and many others.

In summing up the controlling master qualities of Mr. Cooper's mental organism those who have met him personally and know him, readily admit a striking and remarkable man. Pleasant, affable even to gentleness in social contact, meeting him for a few minutes and for the first time, you would little dream him the Titan business and systematic executive that he is. He reads men as readily as most people read books, and seldom makes a mistake in his estimate and measurement of persons. When a very young lad he was hired out to a "Yankee Scotchman" who taught him the value of punctuality and thoroughness, and the lessons have never departed from him. Order filled a large place in his cranium of organization. A glance at his work desk tells who the man is that occupies the revolving chair. Correspondence assorted and arranged alphabetically, writing utensils—everything in the place allotted to it. All letters answered immediately and put on file. Everything as neat and clean, and orderly as a refined lady's cabinet. While he is careful about his dress and personal appearance he is not foolishly so. His clothes are welmade and good, not flashy or attractive, in a coarse or vulgar sense.

As an all around newspaper man, and to what I am about to say I invite civil and honest contradictioe. As an all around newspaper man, that is, in all that pertains to the conducting, preparing, printing and publishing of a newspaper I pronounce him America's greatest Negro journalist. There are men perhaps that in certain specific fields may equal or surpass him, but not one who has begun to get near to him in the possession of all the forces that go to make up the newspaper man of the very first class. One who has known him all his life, said of him recently, "at the age of fourteen he was a good "cotton-picker," a good coachman because he was attentive, and a good waiter because he was polite. Education did not hurt him, success in business will not spoil him, or failure discourage him."

This is the man, clear-headed, quick-witted, perfect equilibrium joined to astonishing powers of divination, and the rare faculty of looking beneath the surface at a single glance. His coolness under fire, or pressure of any nature, is perhaps his most striking quality. Nothing seems to daunt or surprise him. He might be awakened at the midnight hour to be told that all he possessed in all the world was destroyed or lost. his first move would be to look around him to determine how best to begin anew again.

Mr. Cooper has been, and is to-day a great but careful reader. A profound classical student; he is also master of the English language, and perhaps the best grammarian of the Negro Press. As a writer he is pointed, terse, clear. As a talker he draws from a well stored mind, and is always interesting and instructive. In politics he is independent; as some one has put it a Negrowump, placing his race above his party.

W. Allison Sweeney,
Indianapolis, Ind.

AN ACROSTIC.

T—here's an illustrated paper,
H—ave you seen its new dress?
E—verything about it's newsy,
F—or it's made up of the best.
R—ich in cartoons, news and pictures
E—very time it leaves the press;
E—verybody takes this paper,
M—any thousands in the West,
A—nd it's owned by E. E. Cooper.
N—ow you know it is the best.

W. F. Fouvielle.
Salisbury, N. C.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

According to the eminent physiologist, M. Sappey, the stomach contains 5,000,000 glands by which the gastric juice is secreted, and a few others which secrete only mucus.

Jupiter is now the evening star. It is to be seen in the southwest about two hours after sunset. The planet will be in conjunction with the moon Nov 25. It will still be visible in northern latitudes during the event.

According to a French physiologist, the wing of the ordinary house-fly makes 330 strokes in a second; the wing of the bumble-bee, 240; the honey-bee, 190; the wing of the wasp, 110; the wing of the dragon-fly, 28; the wing of the sparrow, 13; the wing of the wild duck, 9; the wing of the house-pigeon, 8; the wing of the osprey. 6.

There are 315 ways of changing a quarter of a dollar. The pieces used are the 20-cent piece, 10-cent piece, five-cent piece, three-cent piece, two-cent piece and the one-cent piece. To make all these changes without using the same coin twice would require 1,233 one-cent pieces, 614 twos, 378 threes, 184 fives, 59 tens and 9 twenties, making 2,584 pieces, worth $53.75.

The number of pieces of animals whose track have been found in the Trias of New England and New Jersey by Dr. Edward Hitchcock and Prof. C. H. Hitchcock is now 165, including one marsupial, thirty-five so-called birds, although they are, doubtless, more reptillian than avian in their character; twenty-eight dinosaurs; twenty-seven reptiles and amphibia; sixteen bartchians; six chelonians, besides arthropoda and mollusca. The two collections are at Amherst College and Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

Coffee may go up, but the cross roads variety of parched corn will be as abundant as ever.

JOHN J. THOMAS, ESQ.,

Stenographer and Shipping Clerk, Church and Sabbath School Worker, Newspaper Correspondent, Etc.

Few among the young men of the West have made a better mark in life than the subject of this sketch, Mr. Thomas, whose real name, using only his initials, is "Y. J. J. F. L. Thomas." He was born in November, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., his father being the late John Thomas, Kentuck'y famous brickmason and iron-mantel setter; his mother, Mrs. Priscilla Thomas, nee Lilly, famous for her thrift and go-ahead-a-tiveness, emigrated to eastern Kansas in poor circumstances with her family of four children in 1877, and through dint and honest labor has placed herself in fair circumstances, financially.

Mr. Thomas was partially educated at Kansas City, Mo., under the tutorships of such distinguished tutors as Mrs. Dora S. J. Bowser, Professors D. V. A. Nero, John H. Jackson, J. A. Agee and Parsons Brown. While in school he always managed to find something to be engaged at to earn some means of support, after school hours which rendered creditable support to himself and mother. Finally, in June, 1883, after having finished his third year in the Lincoln High School Department, he accepted a position as stenographer, which art he picked up on his own accord, with Messrs J. C. Salmon & Co., Kansas City's largest grocery commission house, which art he has practiced with them for nearly seven years. In the year 1884 he was promoted to shipping clerkship, still practicing the stenographic art. His employers, who are white, say he is an exceptional colored man, and deserves the highest recognition. On the streets of Kansas City he is oftimes called hy the wholesale grocery merchants Kansas City's colored broker. His success should be exemplified by the young men throughout the West, in fact the entire country.

That he is a good worker in the Sunday School and church has been well demonstrated in Kansas City, Kan. He is a consistent member of the First Baptist Church of that city, and has labored very assiduously about eight years for the church and Sabbath school. He was baptized into the church by the late Right Rev. F. D. Ewing, pastor, and has served the church untiringly for six years, as clerk. He is at present assistant superintendent of the Sunday School.

Mr. Thomas is president of the board of directors of the Young Men's Building and Loan Association of Kansas City, Kan., with capital stock of $50,000. He is treasurer of the Young Men's Philosophical Society, which office he has held for more than four years; from time to time he held the offices of president, vice president, secretary and critic. He is also classed as one of the leading men of the Joint Stock Merchandise Company of West Kansas City, with capital stock of $500.

He has served as agent for several newspapers, among them the American Baptist, of Louisville, Ky., to which he has contributed letters almost semi-monthly for more than two years. For a long time he was agent and correspondent to the Missouri Baptist Standard, now of Hannibal, Mo. He is a lover of Negro journalism, and is now a subscriber to seven colored papers, The Freeman included. In the literary circles he is classed the "Essayist," being a lover of the use of the pen and ink.

Besides helping his widowed mother buy herself a comfortable home, he has also accumulated some of his hard-earned dimes, and amassed enough to buy real estate in Kansas City, Kan., now valued at $3,500, for himself. He has fully proven himself ostensibly full of thrift and go-ahead-a-tive-ness, and well deserves a place in the front ranks.

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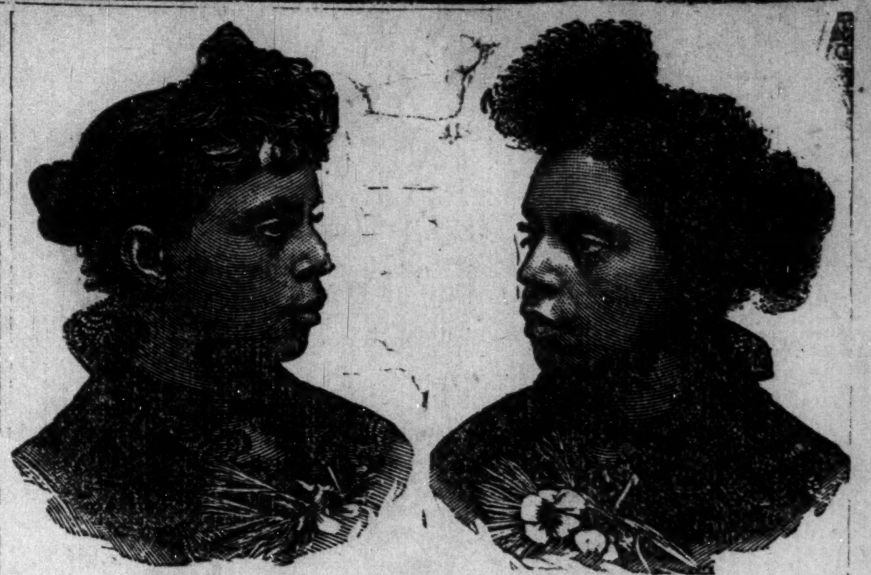

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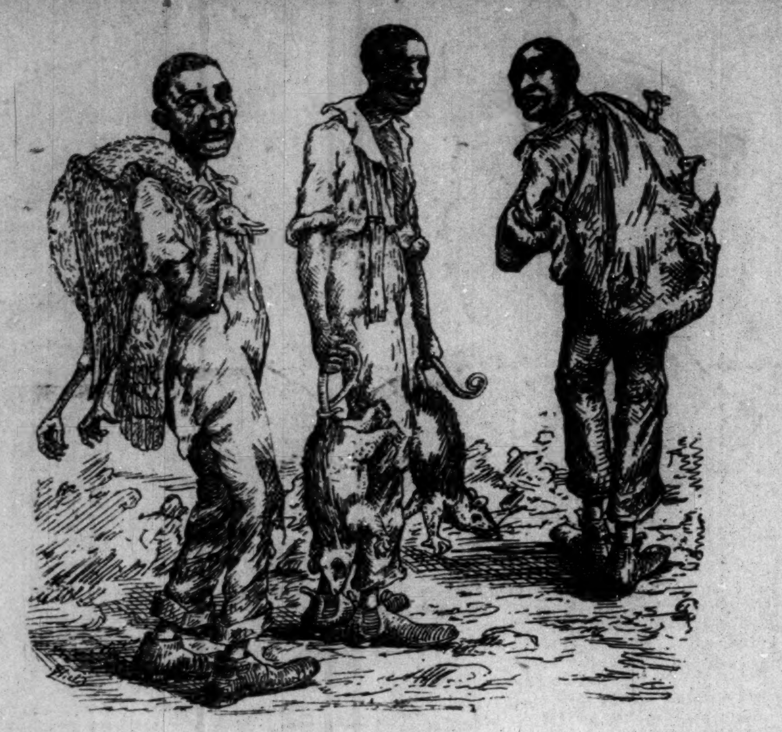


A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

No, boss, we can't see it in dat light. We doan work to-day for nobody

OUR LOSS--THEIR GAIN.

Special to The Freeman

Any careful observer cannot fail to note that our people often play into the hands of white men; our loss is almost is always the white man's gain. We read his paper, buy his goods and do his work, enrich him; and, the first opportunity he gets he joins some league against us. But when we look around to see how our own people are carrying on we can scarcely find it in our hearts to blame the white man for treating us so contemptuously.

The Galveston News (Dec. 10,) had no fewer than seven items giving the state of life among the colored people divided as follows, to wit: one of advice to colored people to stay where they are; two of wreckless shooting; one of mob violence; one of forcing the resignation of colored officials of Whorton county; and two "crap shooting" on the Sabbath. Any one of these items might be made the foundation of timely discourse, but I desire to confine my words to the last two:

Elder Johnson came along after Sunday school and found two Negro boys playing "craps" on the steps of the sanctuary. He threatened to have them arrested and they jumped on him, one using a knife and several others rocks.—San Antonia Courier.

Marshal Rowland and Constable Crabtree had eighteen Negroes in procession marching them to the calaboose, whom they had arrested for shooting craps.—Paris, Lamar County Courier.

What a said commentary upon life among us in this hour of our sorest trials; this it is that furnishes those who would limit and repress us just the excuse they want for keeping up their evil practices.

It enfeebles our youth, making spendthrifts, idlers and criminals of them. It enslaves body and mind, and destroys the soul. If the good men and the strong of our people do not discover and apply some method exterminating this incipient school of crime, our case is well right hopeless indeed, gambling in all of its forms must go.

It enriches the white people and impoverishes our own. The Paris gentry pay $14 a piece for their Sunday frolic—$.252 for one day's follics, three of the San Antonia crapsters paid "heavy fines," hardly less than $25 each—$75, and the returns were not all in when the paper went to press. $327 for gambling on Sunday; one hundred and nine acres of land at $3 per acre, yet we hear colored people everywhere complaining of poverty and oppression; but you must not imagine I have footed up the entire cost of that wickedness; each had a lawyer to defend him, no doubt, that is to say they must have paid him $105 more for lawyers, which must be added to the cost of lost time, in all probility, $500. "What shall we do?" That is a question easier asked than answered satisfactorily. But there are many useful things we can do:

(1.) We can preach the gospel and righteousness of economy. One-fourth of the colored people are not prepared to pay funeral expenses. This has been one thing that has given secular societies such strong footing among us. We hire them to take care of our dead bodies because we mean to be so extravagant that we can not do it for ourselves. We ought to put upon every man, woman and child the responsibility of saving.

(2.) We ought to devise useful and profitable employment for our youths and keep them hard at it so that rest days, when they come, shall be welcomed and enjoyed as such. "An idle mind is the devil's worship."

(3.) We should give neither quarters nor countenance to the idle and vicious. In cities it is common to welcome and fawn upon the pick-pocket-gambler while looking askance upon the horny fisted toiler, honest though he be. So long as the thieving gambler decked out in loud jewelry and filled with rum can go among and be caressed by the so-called cream of society the young men will note it, and take to gambling instead of work. Shut your door on the gambler.

HENRY CLAY GRAY.

Montgomery, Tex., Dec. 12, '89.

Written for The Freeman.

OUR RACE.

It often has been said by men
(And they believe it, too)
That intellect is ne'er possessed
By man of fable hue.

The men who these assertions make,
Regard themselves as wise:
But under such prejudicial hearts,
True wisdom never lies.

The eventful day is coming fast,
When our oppressed race
On par with any white man known,
Shall occupy a place.

'Twas ne'er intended by our God
That man should dominate
O'er man, nor that a swarthy skin
Should be a cause for hate.

The colored man howe'er can climb
The ladder steep of fame:
'Tis his to win success, respect,
And have a glorious name.

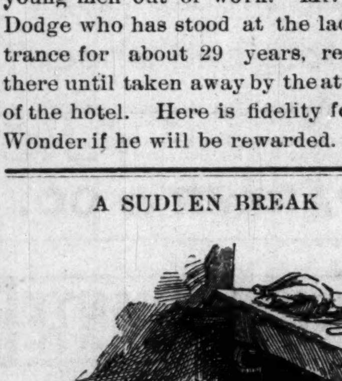
—Mannie E. Fox.

July 1, 1888.

A Colored Hero

The fire at Monongahela House Pittsburg, Pa., will put a great many of our young men out of work. Mr. Harry Dodge who has stood at the ladies entrance for about 29 years, remained there until taken away by the attachees of the hotel. Here is fidelity for you. Wonder if he will be rewarded.

A SUDLEN BREAK



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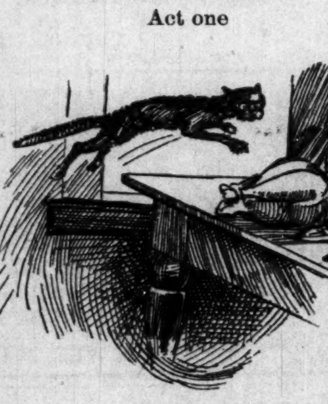

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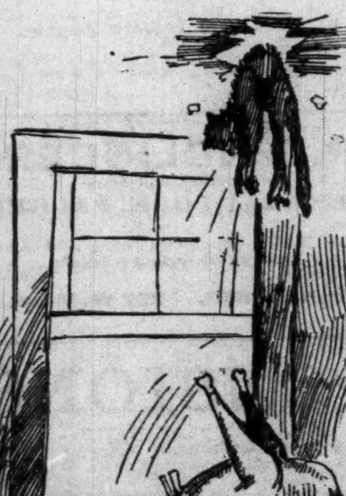


Act three.

THE OWLS' CHRISTMAS.

BY LURA LEE.

There was an old owl, and he lived in a tree,
A Christmas tree, if you please;
And seven small owlets his children were,
Nimble and merry as bees;
But very complaining and gruff were they
The day that came just before Christmas Day,
For not a gift, if you please.

"Huh!" and "Ha!" and Humph!" they growled;
"A nice state of things, if you please:
Not a present nor a bit of fun,
While father snoozes at ease.
Papa, wake up! What of Christmas Day?
Can't we go out and have a play
Under the Christmas trees?"

Father he blinked, but he chuckled outright,
Then got out his pocket-knife keen,
And whittled seven pairs of tiny skates,
The tiniest ever seen.
With holly leaves he tied them secure,
And rolled up seven tippets of snow soft and pure,
And put them on, if you please.

He gave each for a cane an icicle long,
And took them all adown to the lake;
Where the ice was smooth, and glassy, and strong—
No danger that it would break—
And said, "You can skate, and run, and dance,
And tumble, play tag, and stumble, and prance,
All day and all night, if you please."

So that was their Christmas. Snug in bed,
And awfully tired that night,
The owlets slept, and never woke up
Till Morning, but woke in affright.
What do you think? The tree was cut down
Without waking an owl and carted to town,
And set up in a house, if you please.

There it was lighted and trimmed and bedecked,
And the nest at the top of the tree;
Presents below and a merry crowd
Laughing and romping with glee,
And there Mr. Owl and his family were kept,
And petted and fed till the children slept,
Then out to the home grove they all were swept.
And that was their Christmas Day.

A TIMELY TALE.

Told on Christmas Eve by the Old Clock Most Feelingly.

One Christmas Eve the old clock stood in the corner and sang "tick-tock, tick-tock" until everything else in the room had gone to sleep—everything except the jumping jack. "Tick-tock," said the old clock, and then it looked right at the jumping-jack and asked: "Why haven't *you* gone to sleep, too?"

"I'm waiting for Santa Claus," answered the jumping-jack.

"Waiting for Santa Claus," laughed the old clock; why, you don't suppose that Santa Claus is going to bring *you* anything, do you?"

"I need it bad enough," said the jumping-jack; "I fell into the wash-basin three weeks ago and by the time I was pulled out and dried I lost all the beautiful red stripes and yellow buttons off my coat, and this left eye of mine faded from a lovely purple into a dirty lavender. I have been the sickest jumping-jack in town ever since."

"Oh, phsaw!" said the old clock; "handsome is that handsome does; tick-tock! tick-tock!"

"But I shall be all right in the morning," said the jumping-jack, "for my little mistress Bertha put me here by the fire to-day and whispered up the chimney: 'Please, Santa Claus, bring a new eye and a new suit of clothes for jumping-jack, and please, Santa Claus, bring *me* a nice big box of candy.'"

"So you like Bertha, do you?" asked the old clock.

"No, not very much," said the jumping-jack; she dropped me in the wash-basin, you know, and then, too, she makes me jump when I don't want to. Last week she pulled me so hard that the string broke."

"Sque-ea-ea-eak!" said another small voice and the little blue mouse peeped out from under the wardrobe. "Sque-ea-ea-eak and I don't like Bertha either!" she said.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock," said the old clock, "and why don't you like Bertha, Mistress Blue Mouse?"

"She frightens me," answered the little blue mouse, "and she pets that horrid old cat. No, I could never like a child that keeps such bad company. Depend upon it, no child that keeps company with a cat ever came to any good end—sque-ea-ea-eak!"

Now, while the old clock and the jumping-jack and the little blue mouse talked together, Bertha lay fast asleep in her crib, and the old clock and the jumping-jack and the little blue mouse were still talking and Bertha was still fast asleep when there came the sound of sleigh bells and then the noise of some one slipping down the chimney.

But instead of Santa Claus there came out of the chimney and stood on the hearth a very fat and very sleepy-looking boy. He wore fur clothes and a fur cap, and the first thing he did was to yawn.

"You're not Santa Claus, are you?" asked the jumping-jack.

"Of course he isn't!" said the old clock. "I know Santa Claus, for I've seen him twenty times!"

"No, I'm Santa Claus' boy," said the boy, and he yawned again, for he was very sleepy.

"What on earth are you doing here at this time of night?" said the jumping-jack.

"Why, father was so busy," said the boy, "that he sent me down here with this box of candy and this box of paints. One of them is for—let me see—he said to give the candy to the jumping-jack, and—no that wasn't it! I am to paint Bertha—no, I'm sure I don't remember what he *did* tell me to do, but here is the candy and here are the paints!"

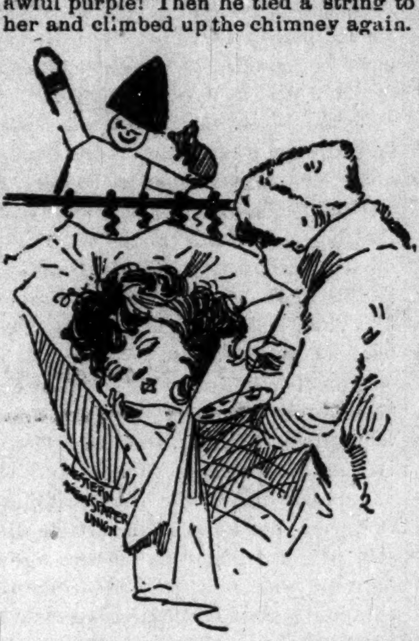
You see he had forgotten all about what he came for. Wasn't that just like a boy?

Just then a wicked thought came to the jumping-jack. He winked his one eye at the little blue mouse, as much as to say, "You help me out in this story and I'll make it all right with you." Then the jumping-jack said to the boy, "I know all about this, and I will tell you what to do. The box of candy is for me, and you are to paint Bertha. You'll find her in the crib over there. Put some red stripes and yellow buttons on her, and don't forget to give her a new purple left eye."

"That's right," squeaked the little blue mouse.

The old clock was so suprised that it could only "tick-tock, tick-tock," over and over again, and these "tick-tocks" were so sad that tears of sorrow filled the eyes of the needles in the work-basket on the table.

The boy was foolish enough to believe the wicked jumping-jack. So he handed over the box of candy, and then—oh, horrible!—he went to the crib and painted red stripes and yellow buttons all over poor little Bertha, and having done that he painted one of her beautiful blue eyes (the left one) an awful purple! Then he tied a string to her and climbed up the chimney again.



As for Bertha, she got the worst of it, of course, for there she was—all painted up like a jumping-jack, with a big purple left eye. She couldn't speak or do anything else unless somebody pulled the string, and she had to stay that way a whole year, until Santa Claus came around himself and fixed things. When Santa Claus *did* come he took the evil jumping-jack away with him and changed him into a nut-cracker. So now the evil jumping-jack has to work harder than ever before, and nobody is a bit sorry, I'm certain.

But the old clock sings "tick-tock, tick-tock" just the same as before, and once when I sat listening to this strange music, which will go on long after you and I are done with Christmas times, the old clock paused in its solemn singing to tell me the story I have just told you, and the old clock knows many other pretty stories which I may sometime repeat.

New Substitute For Glass.

The introduction of a material combining all the advantages of glass, with none of the corresponding disadvantages arising from its brittleness, will be hailed with interest by every class of the public who suffer daily in one form or another from the fragile nature of the article it is now sought to supersede. The transparent wire wove roofing, which is translucent, pliable as leather and unbreakable, has for its basis a web of fine iron wire, with warp and waft threads about one-twelfth of an inch apart. This netting is covered on both sides with a thick translucent varnish, containing a large percentage of linseed oil. The process of manufacturing is conducted by dipping the sheets into deep tanks containing the composition until the required thickness is obtained; the sheets are then dried in a heated chamber, and after being stored for some time till thoroughly set are ready for use. The sheets can be made any color desired, and range from amber to pale brown. The roofing is very pliable, and, bending backward and forward without any injury, readily adapts itself to curves or angles in roofing. The new material is not only water proof, but is unaffected by steam, the heat of the sun, frost, hail, rain, or, indeed, atmoshperic changes of any kind. Being a non conductor, buildings, winter gardens and similar structures remain cool in summer and warm in winter.

Monkey Skin Muffs.

Muffs of monkey skin are always much admired. This fur is really taken from the back of chimpanzees like the late Mr. Crowley, of New York. Five years ago they were almost unknown, and dealers on the west coast of Africa bought them of the natives for $1.50 a dozen, shipping them to London with instructions to make them up into driving gloves and offer them to the trade. But their peculiarly long black hairs, for the monkey can scarcely be said to have a fur, at once won favor, and the price went up so rapidly that agents at Sierra Leone fairly coined money before the natives discovered the advance in values. But the animal from which this strange material is secured is comparatively rare in Africa, and exists nowhere else on the globe. A few years more and monkey skins will be almost as rare as blacks ables.

A Happy Thought.

"Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing in school to-day." Tommy: "Yes, ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt much." "Did you cry?" "Oh, yes, I bawled so you could have heard it on the next block." "Why did you do that?" "I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more."

No Respect for the Dead.

There is an amusing story told of a Delaware man, who received a "horning" because he married within a month after his first wife's death. He told the serenaders that he didn't think it showed good taste to come banging around a man's house so soon after a funeral.

Lemon, Girl, and Squeezer.

"Lemon parties" are becoming popular in a number of Hudson River towns. It is stated that every young man is expected to bring a lemon, a girl, and a squeezer.

A SERVANT GIRL'S PARADISE.

Montana a Market for All Marriageable Young Women of Service.

Perhaps the demand for domestic servants is as generally unsatisfied in the northwest as in any other section, says a writer in the N. Y. Telegram. I have yet to visit the happy, happy land where the servant girl problem does not exist as the principal source of domestic gloom, but here it is certainly to be found at its worst.

The female half of the population of Montana, while large and growing, is still in considerable measure the smaller half, and young women of every degree are quoted higher than they would fetch east of the Alleghenies. This may not be gallant, and yet it ought to be valuable to such young women in the east who feel themselves unappreciated. The cases are counted in hundreds where a girl has entered a family as a cook or chambermaid and thereafter remained as daughter-in-law. It is highly unprofitable to fetch girls from eastern cities.

If they are worth their salt they go off and get married, often before they have earned the price of their railroad fares. Servants' wages are 100 per cent higher in Montana than in New York. The cooks on the railway dining cars receive $60 a month. In private families $30 is the lowest wages offered, and some are paid as much as $100. The girl experiment is so generally unsatisfactory that many families employ colored men and Chinamen. The way to get a Chinaman is to tell another Chinaman you want one. He will spare you all the trouble and expense of dealing with an employment agency. An officer at Fort Custer, who had imported girl after girl only to have them come to him within a month or two and say they were going to get married, was at last advised by a friend to procure a Mongolian. "I have one," said the friend, "and he is a perfect jewel. If you like him I'll teach him to find one for you."

The officer kindly consented, and in the course of a day or two, when his wife went to the kitchen to prepare dinner, she found a Chinamen, cued and white-vested, already at work among the pots and pans. She cheerfully retired in his favor. About a week later, when the officer and his wife sat down to dinner, they observed that the heathen in attendance upon them was not the heathen who had been serving them for the past week, but an entirely new and different one. They also observed that the dinner he bore them was much superior to the dinners their late heathen had supplied. They presently inquired of the new heathen what had become of their old one.

"He no good," answered John. "He some washee, but no cookee. Wing Ting tell him go and he say me come."

Origin of the Potato.

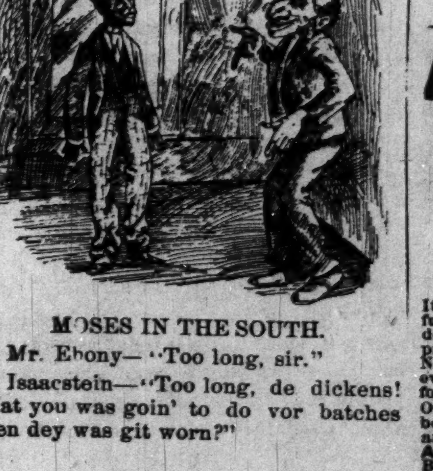
The potato is one of the most important of cultivated plants, and in universal cultivation in temperate parts of the globe. It is a native of mountain districts of tropical and subtropical America, probably from Chili to Mexico, but there is some question as to where it is really indigenous. Humbolt doubted if it had ever been found truly wild, but subsequent travelers of high scientific reputation express themselves thoroughly satisfied. Maize and potatoes are the two greatest gifts which America has given to the rest of the world.

The potato has been cultivated in America and its tubers used for food from times long anterior to the discovery of America by Europeans. It seems to have been first brought to Europe by the Spaniards from the neighborhood of Quito in the sixth century. No more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the introduction of potato culture into Great Britain and other European countries. It was long called "Batatas," or sweet potato, which is the tuber or plant meant by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century. It appears to have been brought to "Ireland from Virginia, by Hawkins in 1565," "and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1623."—American Rural Home.

Tonsorial Item.

Judge (who is bald-headed): "If half what the witnesses testify against you is true your conscience must be as black as your hair." Prisoner: "If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.—Texas Siftings.

News reached us a few days ago that the Standard Dramatic Company, which was organized last fall and closed its season at Wilmington, Del., will reorganize and take the road again in the early spring. Their reportoire will consist of "Righted at Last," "Lottery of Life," and "Hidden Hand." The company will start from Philadelphia, and will be under the management of Mr. James C. Mowrey.



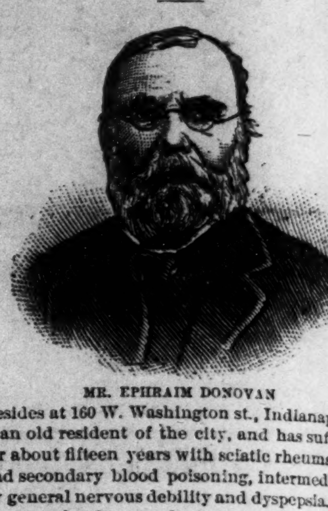
MOSES IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. Ebony—"Too long, sir."

Isaacstein—"Too long, de dickens! Vat you was goin' to do vor batches ven dey was git worn?"

Still Another True Tale

That Reads Like a Romance—Mr. Ephraim Donovan Makes a Statement.



MR. EPHRAIM DONOVAN

Resides at 160 W. Washington st., Indianapolis, is an old resident of the city, and has suffered for about fifteen years with sciatic rheumatism and secondary blood poisoning, intermediated by general nervous debility and dyspepsia. Mr. Donovan has been under treatment for years by different physicians. He states that for the first time he has found relief. "The Gun Wa Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies worked like Magic in my case," said Mr. Donovan. "I am 65 years old, but my ailments are not caused by old age. I am an old soldier, and the terrible rheumatic pain I have endured was probably caused by exposure when in the army. To be brief, nothing helped me until I began taking the Chinese Herb Remedies. I at once began to mend, and in two weeks from the time I first started I was a different man. I have not an ache or a pain. My digestion is also so much improved that I can now eat with perfect confidence of no bad effect morning, noon or night. In fact, the remedies have renewed my youth. I feel many years younger, stronger and better in every way, mentally and physically, and the credit for this great change in me is due wholly to the Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies."

Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimonial of cure will confer a favor by enclosing their picture, as without that their testimonial is useless for advertising purposes.

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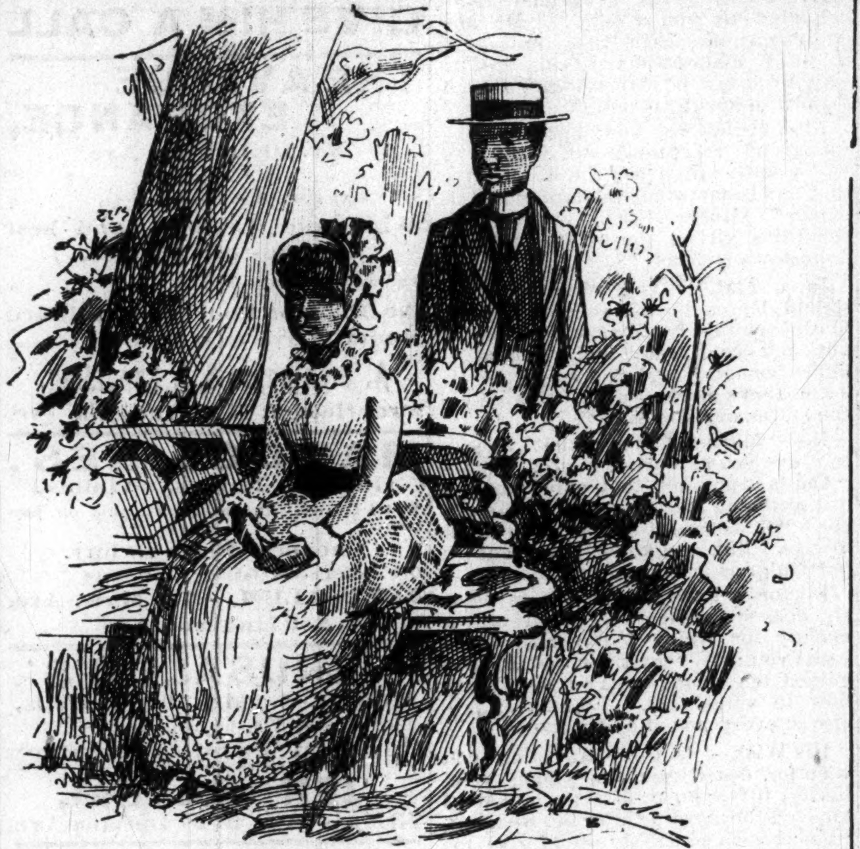
FOR LOVE OF HIM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FREDERICK W. BURCH.

Written for The Freeman.

It was Commencement night at the High School. Throughout the great assembly room was the rustle of silks and satins; and the delicate odor of perfumery mingled with the fragrance of all manner of flowers and plants reached the remotest corner. The elite of the city had gathered this warm June night to see the graduating class bid farewell to its alma mater, and to wish them God-speed on their journey along the path of life—the path which we all tread, and which sooner or later leads to a Life that is more than life or a Death far worse than death. The graduates were doing nobly, and, judging from the applause so liberally bestowed, the audience was satisfied to a very high degree.



The programme had nearly reached its close when expectancy became the order of the night. The class historian, a fair young girl, was delivering that always interesting production, and the next piece on the programme was an oration, "The Macedonian Cry," by John A. Wilson. Instantly, as the applause bestowed on the fair historian ceased, it broke out afresh for the new speaker, the only Afro-American in the class, who stood brave and smiling before the audience showing its appreciation of him so finely. It was a proud moment for him truly, for looking backward at the class he could see none of his race, and looking forward over the audience very few; and as he gazed the feeling grew strangely strong: this audience recognized him as a man, and looking beyond his color saw the God-given talent which was stamped on every line and feature of his fine, intellectual face. Not a handsome face as far as beauty was concerned, but rendered grand and noble by the pure, high-toned thoughts which make any true man's face far more beautiful than the standard set by the world.

As has been said, it was a proud moment for him. Always poor, his whole High School course had been one of toil and hardships for him. But the last year had far surpassed the others in the intensity of its toil and in the trying of his patience, for at the beginning of this last year, which was ending so auspiciously for him, his father had suddenly sickened and died and left him to care for the three brothers and the invalid mother whose very soul was wrapped up in the noble son God had given her, and who now, almost at the beginning of his career, must give up his fair dreams of the future, because she, a poor, sickly woman, must be kept alive at the expense of her son's intellectual life. He had determined upon entering a Divinity School and fitting himself for a minister of the Gospel, and the thought that she must be the cause of his not following his loved vocation was a terrible one to her. It was more than she could bear to think of, and straightway she declared her intention of working for him so that he would not be compelled to leave his school work. It was then his nobility made itself manifest. Clasping the mother fondly in his arms he declared his intention of staying in school and supporting her also; and so firmly was his declaration made that the widow concluded to let him follow his own plan, and if she could not help him with her hands she could at least pray for strength for him.

Then the struggle began. Not to enter his Divinity studies—that must be postponed indefinitely or stopped altogether—but to finish his High School course as a member of the same class in which he had started and to which he had been an ornament so long. It was not long before the report of his toil became noised around the business part of the city and in the school halls. When men told each other how the young man slept but five hours a day regularly, and worked all the rest of the time except during his school hours, a movement was set on foot to help him.

Ten months of this struggle had passed. Through the cold of the severe Michigan winter he had steadily persevered, although many a time he thought it would be at the cost of his life. And to-night the reward was his, for he was not only to finish here, but the dream of his life was to be fulfilled, and from here he was to go to the Divinity school, and the mother, whom he loved so dearly, was to be cared for by friends who had been raised up to him in his extreme need. The pride which filled his breast was the pride of a good man, for, although he was graduating with scholars who were young in years, he had passed his majority three years ago and all a man's feelings and purposes were his. The pride which filled his breast was different than that which surged through the breasts of his classmates, many of whom came from homes of luxury and the lap of wealth, and to whom work and want were both strangers.

While delivering the thoughts of his fertile, cultivated brain, his eye roamed over the audience and rested more than once on a girl, who for beauty was the equal of any girl in the room. To her two years ago had his heart been given, and all the true, pure love of a life with it. This was before he had determined to become a minister, and many had wondered that this beautiful, dashing girl had loved the slow, undemonstrative man, and afterwards she had wondered too, for when a year after their engagement he had announced his determination to become a minister, she, with fine, angry scorn had repulsed him, and had told him in words not to be misunderstood that if he supposed she was going to be a minister's wife he was mistaken, and that had he declared such to be his intention a year ago she would be spared the pains of breaking their engagement now. Never would she forget the gentle dignity of his manner on that occasion as, drawing himself up, he said:

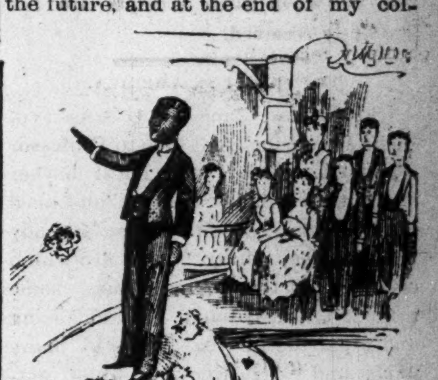
"Much as I love you, dear, and much as I would endure for you, I thank God that before it was too late He has shown me how little true womanhood there is in your nature, and how little fitted you are to become any true man's wife. May God forgive you as I do, and although from this moment you and I go apart, yet should you ever wish to bid me God-speed or to regret the step you have so foolishly taken, do not hesitate t

To-night, as Katharine Brown at chained by the matchless stream of eloquence which flowed from his lips, his words came back to her. Did she wish him well? Her heart and lips both answered, yes. Did she regret her step taken? Her heart said once more, what her lips would not say, yes. For time had enlightened her, and the love she had thought to crush would not be crushed, and as she looked at him to-night with new eyes, she saw that instead of a poor, struggling minister, she had lost a rich, triumphant man; rich in Nature's noblest gifts; triumphant in the knowledge that he had conquered and would conquer all obstacles. And as the bursts of applause rang out during and after the oration, and as the people crowded round him wishing him success and tendering their congratulations to him, the sense of loss came home to her more forcibly than ever. She at least had his permission to wish him well whenever she chose, that was one consolation; and why not do so now? She waited until he was alone and approached him. He was bending over some of his flowers and did not see her or hear her approach.

"You told me once that if ever the chance came, or the feeling, to wish you well, I might do so," began she, softly, "and now I have come. I congratulate you on the excellence of your oration, and to my congratulations add my heartiest wishes for your welfare."

He listened to the low, calm tones, and then said, gently:

"Thank you, Kathie." Kathie was her old pet name with him. "A word from you does my heart more good than any I have heard to-night. So you have come only to say good luck to me? I thought, perhaps, that you had come to tell me I could hope for the future, and at the end of my college life you would be mine."



Her heart rose up in stubborn rebellion to the words she was about to say, but she said them ever so bravely, looking into his eyes bravely and steadily and without flinching:

"Must you continue to think that my old passion lives? It died when our engagement ended, it had been dying before, and now it has no place in my thoughts, only as the memory of an unpleasant event I would gladly drive from me. And should I change, suppose I did regret, think you I would tell you? Do you imagine that every instinct of maidenly modesty is so dead within me that I should come to you and beg to be taken back to your love? No! Were you pleading in the dust, if you were dying even, and that word from me would save you, I would see you die ere I spoke it,"

"Well," said he painfully and slowly in reply, "I have given you your choice. I may have been mistaken in leaving it all to you to say, but I spoke once, and when speaking is done between us again, you will do it. Good bye.

He had gone, leaving her where she stood, a sense of shame and humiliation gradually filling her and crushing her beneath its weight. She, the proud woman, who had seen many men leave her side, and had given them not even as much as a thought, felt humbled to the dust. But her pride came to her aid.

"It is better," she said to herself, "He has gone out of my life, and he shall stay out of it."

She kept her word.

* * * * * * *

"Katie dear, won't you go out with me to night? Our new church is to be dedicated, our new choir and organ will be heard for the first time, and above all our new minister is to preach his opening sermon. I want you to go. You have been here two years, and haven't been out at all; certainly you should go out to night, and its Christmas Eve. too."

The speaker was Lizzie McLinn, the teacher of music in the College where our friend Katherine Brown held sway as professor mathematics. More than four years have passed since we saw her last, and yet she is the same haughty, unbending woman. She had been teaching in this College in the South, and had made but few friends, but Lizzie McLinn was her firm friend.

If she ever wondered why Katherine was so cold and reserved, she never gave words to her wonderment, but loved her because she was from the North, and had been her friend when she came here to teach music.

Katherine yawned slightly. Truth to tell, she was lonely and this was Christmas Eve, why not go out? Be-

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THE FINEST IN AMERICA.

Old Santa Claus in this issue of "The Freeman," will give to Professor George L. Knox "the finest barber shop in America." Santa Claus need not bring this, as Mr. Knox already has that very thing. The fire which occurred at the Bates House, some time ago, necessitated the cleansing and repairing of that house in many parts, and Mr. Knox not to be outdone by Mr. Reibold, has put a new dress in the interior of his already elegant shop, and which now presents a prettier and neater appearance than ever. As an evidence of the amount of work done in this establishment, it is only necessary to state that he gives regular employment to 25 persons, that he has 14 chairs, with elegant baths, etc., and he is still making improvements. The best compliment which has been recently paid to Mr. Knox's ability, as a business man of the very first rank, is the fact that very recently an opportunity was given him to become part partner in the famous Palmer House Barber Shop in Chicago; but his abilty does not stop here, for he is a shrewd business man, and a man of fine culture and literary tastes, and is easily one of the best impromptue speakers in the city. We shall have more to say of Mr. Knox in our next issue.

JOSEPH W. CONNOLLY, FURNITURE, ETC.

Ever since the opening of Connolly's new furniture house, No. 68 East Washington street, this house furnishing emporium has been most liberally patronized by an appreciative public. The entire stock, which is one of the largest in the city, is new and of the latest and best styles in furniture, stoves, and, in fact all kinds of house furnishing goods which are sold at prices that can't fail to be satisfactory either for cash or on easy payments. Mr. Connolly makes a bid for the colored trade through The Freeman, and our friends will not only do us a favor, but will do themselves great good by giving this store a call. If you want the best furniture of any kind to give as a Christmas present, or if you want anything in this line, go at once to 68 East Washington street and get a bargain.

MUSIC DEALERS.

Bryant & Dierdorf, the wholesale and retail music dealers, at 58 North Pennsylvania street, keep a fine line of the latest sheet music and music books. They also have an elegant grade of pianos and organs, which they will sell on very reasonable payments. They want your patronage. Give them a call.

Something new! Pullman Tourist Sleeping cars on second class tickets. The trip can now be made more comfortably than ever before. If you contemplate a trip to the Pacific coast this fall or winter write at once for circulars, maps, etc., giving full information about the "Santa Fe Route" and their Popular Weekly Excursions. Persons purchasing either one way or round trip tickets, can join these excursions. Address

F. T. HENDRY,
Passenger agt. A. T. & S. Fe R. R.
No 10 Jackson Place, Indianaplis, Ind

POLITICAL LOCALS.

Mr. Charles W. Bridges, an Indianapolis business man of twenty years' standing, and a commercial traveler of the first rank, is a candidate for county Clerk. Mr. Bridges needs no introduction to the voters of Marion county. He is one of those Democrats who is unswerving and whatever he does is for the benefit of his party. Mr. Bridges certainly has a claim on the party which it will not hesitate in allowing when the proper time comes.

The politicians are beginning to stir again, a few recent appointments having been made.

Tom Quill has been acquitted, much to the delight of his many friends.

Two good appointments have come to the race in this city lately: that of Mr. Charles H. Baughman in the post office and G. L. Jones in the Revenue service.

The appointment of Mr. Chas. H. Baughman to a clerkship in the post-office is a compliment to the race and to that very deserving young man. This is the first and only appointment of the kind in the State, and Mr. Baughman obtained it clearly on his merit. He stood a civil service examination a few months ago and he was third best out of 128 contestants. He took a case last Tuesday.

Considerable surprise was visible this week when the news came of the appointment of Mr. G. L. Jones to a place in the Collector of Internal Revenue's office, no one seeming to know that he was an applicant for any place. The place is next to that of Rev. J. M. Townsend's in pay and importance, and is an excellent reward for the sterling worth of the appointee. Mr. Jones is a graduate from the High School, and is at present a teacher in the public schools of this city. He will go into office the first of the year.

A strong pressure is being brought about to induce Mr. Albert Gall, the enterprising carpet dealer of this city, to make the race for Treasurer of State, and if he will accept it now looks as if the nomination would be tendered him by the Democratic State Convention.

The good judgment displayed by the administration in appointing colored men to offices hereabouts is a stinging rebuke to the wornout palitical turncoats who infest this city.

DANIA

Building and Loan Association. Third series just opened. Subscribe at once no back dues; don't put it off. This association gives the best inducement to its members, and is absolutely safe to invest in. Shares are $300. Weekly dues only 50c. Investigate this. Ask your neighbors about it.

OUR DEAD-HEAD LIST.

C. H. Howard, 724 Wyoming st., Philadelphia, Pa., $4; Granville T Woods (inventor), Cincinnati, O., $5; F. G. Parker, St. Paul, Minn.. $1; J. H. Penrose, Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.. $5; Hon. John H. Smythe, Washington, D. C., $1.50, Rev. M. Conway, Wilmington, N. C., $4; Robert M. Budd (Back Number Budd), 1280 Broadway st., New York, $15; John Rivers, Jr., Fernandina, Fla., $4.60; F. P. Richardson (money collected), Pittsburg, Tex., $2.40; W. V. Russell, 36 Main st., Carmi, Ill., $1.60; Rev. J. H. Thompson, Argenta, Ark., $5; W. H. Moore, Adrian, Mich., $1.40; S. W. Hayden (money collected), Wamega, Kan., $1.75; W. A. Beetis, Wichita, Kan., $11.05; **Frank Logan, 728 Washington st., Paducah, Ky., $8.48; T. S. Cannington, 144 West 63d st., New York, $9; S. J. Edwards, Main and 12th, Litile Rock, Ark., $5; J. N. Daniel, Dupree st., Memphis. Tenn., $13.20; Percy R. Talbert, 98 Clinton, Buffalo, N. Y., $3.50; I. T. Thomas, 821 Main st., Dallas, Tex., $6.07; Clifford C. Smith. Box 278, Madison Ind., $498.**

TO THE LADIES OF INDIANAPOLIS.

I am now prepared to send an agent to your city within a week fully prepared to give treatment for the hair under my French System of Hair Improvement. All ladies wishing to make arrangement for that date can consult Mrs Arilla Knox, No, 118 N. Tenn. st.

REBECCA E. ELLIOTT,
tf Hair Culturist.

WANTED.

A situation as an "Alto" singer, to travel with a troupe, colored preferred. Address, R. W. T., Box 114, Coal Valley, W. Va.

A first class barber at Lincoln, Ill., Address C. H. Percell, 126 Chicago St. Lincoln, Ills.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Pushed to the wall—Plaster.

Eternal vigilance is the price of an umbrella.

When money is tight business men are sure to be sober.

Turkeys are the most innocent of birds. The most silly woman in the world can stuff one.

No truth in it—"What's all this talk of illicit whisky made in the south?" O, that's all moonshine."

And he didn't take the hint—"Delightful air up here, Miss Ancient? "Yes, indeed, so embracing!"

Judge—"Why don't you answer the question just put to you?" Prisoner—"Well, give me time, can't you?" Judge — "Certainly. Thirty days! Next case."

The old story—"How is your furnace?" "First-rate. We manage to get it warm every day, but it is a little selfish about letting any of the heat away from it.

Euchre between the acts.—"Will you do me the favor to let me pass?" She gently nodded her head; "With pleasure; however, if I were you, I I would order it up," she said.

At the carriage: Miss Minerva Owlet (of Boston)—Shall I get in, Mr. Bacon?" Mr. Chester White (of Chicago): "Certainly, Miss Minerva; pearls before swine, you know."

The man who says sarcastic things about his "wife going through his trousers pockets" while he is asleep, is generally the one who doesn't give his wife any money when he is awake.

Appropriate—"We want a good name for our town." "Yes. Something like 'Yonkers-on-Hudson' or 'Manchester-by-the-Sea,' eh?" "Yes. How would 'Boomtown-on-Paper' do?"

Pleasant for Johnson—"To look at you, Johnson, no one would take you for a humorist." "No?" "No. And be hanged if they'd think you were a funny man to read your jokes, either!"

Hospital-ity — Hospital physician (with a view to diagnosis)—"What do you drink?" New patient (cheering up at the proposal)—"Oh, sir!—thank you, sir—whatever you—I leave that to you, sir!"

Mudge—"Doctor, if I were to lose my mind do you suppose I would be aware of it myself?" Dr. Boless—"You would not. And very likely none of your acquaintances would notice it, either."

No great shakes: Miss Brimmer (talking of Victor Hugo)—"Have you seen 'Ninety-Three,' Mr. Ferguson? It is wonderful!" Ferguson, '92 (suddenly aroused)—"I don't think so. We beat them nine to four."

Station master—"Come, come, my good man! You mustn't walk on the track." Tramp (disgustedly)—"The conductor says I can't ride and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway?"

A Unanimous Joke.—"The subject for debate this evening, ladies and gentlemen," said the president of the society, "is the old maid." "Ready for the question!" humorously shouted everybody in the hall at once.

Lubrication: Mrs, Megrim—"Lemuel, what *air* you a doin'?" Mr. Megrim—"Apple-jackin' these axles. If th' stuff makes them wheels go th' way it did my head last night, I'll git t' town in about five minutes."

After the distribution: Foreign guest (at grand reception)—"Evidences of vast wealth are everywhere. Who is that handsome woman ablaze with diamonds?" Hostess—"Oh, she's the wealthiest girl in the room. She's a Johnstown sufferer."

In a Flat.—"Well, my dear, we should be comfortable enough here. Stationary tubs, stationary washstands, hot and cold water and all modern improvements." "Yes (dejectedly). John, that's all very nice, but where is the stationary domestic?"

He—"Mattie, I know that nobody can love you as well as I do." She—"And is it possible that only you can find anything in me deserving of love?" He—"Of course I don't mean that, Mattie. But, you know, I am not so particular as most men are."

Doctor—"Even if your wife, my dear sir, does not seem quite cured of the malady for which I recommend the baths you must remember that she has gained ten pounds. You will know how to value that." "Exactly; precisely; every pound cost me $100."

His Wish—"Is there anything you wish for, dear?" said the young wife, fondly, to her husband at the breakfast table on the morning after the wedding. "Yes; I wish somebody would give me $10 for that five thousand dollar check your father put among the wedding presents."

Hiroller—"I understand that Dashleigh is trying to get appointed to secretaryship at Constantinople." Roundabout—"Why, Dashleigh doesn't know anything about any subject, excepting that he is an excellent judge of wines." Hiroller—"I suppose he wants to go to Turkey because of the Sublime Porte there."

AN ACROSTIC.

T—here's an illustrated paper,
H—ave you seen its new dress?
E—verything about it's newsy,
F—or it's made up of the best.
R—ich in cartoons, news and pictures
E—very time it leaves the press;
E—verybody takes this paper,
M—any thousands in the West,
A—nd it's owned by E. E. Cooper.
N—ow you know it is the best.

W. F. FOUVIELLE.

Salisbury, N. C.

RESTAURNNTS, BOARDING HOUSES, BARBER SHOPS, ETC.

Among some of our enterprising places and business houses may be found R. S. Bryan, the Estella Cafe; L. W. Ferrell, 171 Third avenue; C. W. Tweedy, 147 Third avenue; Dick's Place, 2634 State street; W. H. Harris, 11 Polk street, Mrs. F. Brown, 571 State; A. L. Jones. 468 State street, H. R. Fizer, 145 Third avenue. Always ask to see The Freeman when you call, and note their extreme hospitality and appreciation. tf

[Written for The Freeman.]

ONLY A WAIF.

I.

"Only a waif" are the words that he said
As he shivered and looked at his feet so red,
"No mother, no father, clothes tattered and torn,
I'm only a waif left all alone."

II.

"Only a waif begging something to eat,
As I tramp up and down the cold, cheerless street.
No sisters, no brothers my fate to bemoan,
Only a waif, forced ever to roam."

III.

"Only a waif, and I've nowhere to sleep
Save where the bright stars their vigil do keep;
No friends and no kindred, I am tramping alone;
Only a waif, with no place to call home."

IV.

Only a waif, so they found him next day,
As stiff and as cold as the ground where he lay;
So young, so innocent, only nine years old,
Only a waif, friendless, out in the cold.

V.

Only a waif steming the winds' cold blow;
They found him that morning all covered with snow,
Covered all over in his white snowy bed;
Only a waif, in the streets found dead.

VI.

Only a waif; they buried him that day
Far down through the snow in the bosom of clay;
No marble did they place at his feet or his head,
He sleeps with the earth in his cold, damp bed.

W. F. FONVIELLE.

Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C.

An Understanding at Last.

Old Mr. Widower had been sitting silently alone with Miss Autumn for about fifteen minutes. Finally he spoke:

"Miss Autumn you are pretty"——

"Oh, Mr. Widower!"

"You are pret"——

"How can you, Mr. Widower?"

"I started to say that you are pretty"——

"Oh, you horrid man; stop!"

"Condemn it all, woman," shouted Mr. Widower, rising and breaking for the door. "I wanted to say that you were pretty near as old as I am. Now, me, I think you're twice as old."

MR. JENKINS,
The genial proprietor of the
—POPULAR—
Candy Stores
—AT—
96 and 98 Mass. Ave, and 168 and 170 Virginia Ave,
Has the largest stock of
Holiday Candies
In the city. Every Brand
Fresh and Pure in Quality.
GIVE HIM A CALL

THE AVENUE EXCHANGE,
N . 10 Indiana Ave.
We keep a full line of the choicest
Wines and Liquors, and best brands of CIGARS,
And we have also
An Elegant Pool and Billiard Room. Give us a call.
A. Greathouse & J. Spaulding,
Proprietors, 10 Indiana ve.

MANDOLINES,
Guitars, Banjos, Violins,
And a l tash Musical Instruments on payments or
Cheapest Place to buy.
Old Instruments taken i exchange.
JERUSALEM, - 73 Mass. Ave. & 27 Indiana Ave.

JERUSALEM'S
Holiday Goods, Toys, Dolls,
—And P esents of all Kinds—
CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE
JERUSALEM,
73 Mass Ave & 27 Indiana Ave.

XMAS
—AT—
Bowman's Bazaar!
No 80 Mass. Avenue;
Enterprise Hotel Block.
We think we can please you and that you can save money by buying
HOLIDAY GOODS
—AND—
HOUSE FURNISHING SUPPLIES
At Our Variety store.
Please call and examine our stock. Respectfully,
L. S. Bowman & Co

PROPOSALS FOR BOOKS, STATIONERY, Etc.

Notice is hereby given that on or before 12 o'clock M., Dec. 23, 1889, the Board of Commissioners of Marion County, Indiana, will received sealed bids for furnishing books, stationery, and other articles necessary for the use of said County, for a period of one year from the 1st day of January, 1890. Specifications of the kind, quality and quantity of the articles needed and the form and manner in which the bids shall be made, are on file in the Auditor's Office of said County. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, or parts of bids.

By order of the Board of Commissioners of Marion county.

THOMA AGGART, Auditor.

UP WITH THETIMES,
Owin to increase of our business we will add two more Carpet floors, made accessible by elevators. Our improvements will commence
January 1st, 890.
Our entire line of
CARPETS, WINDOW SHADES,
WALL PAPERS, DRAPERIES, Etc.
At your own price.
WM. H. ROLL.
30 and 38 South Illinois Street.

HOLIDAY -:- GOODS.
TOYS, TOYS, TOYS.—Toys in endless variety from 1c to $1. We again call attention to one of our largest and most varied lines.
UMBRELLAS—Umbrellas 50 to $1. Gold Cap Silk Umbrellas $1 to $6, Oxydized Handled Umbrellas $1 to $5.
MUFFLERS—Mufflers, new colors, new styles, prices from 10c to $4.
HANDKERCHIEFS—Handkerchiefs at 1, 2, 3, 4 and 4c. Holiday Hahdkerchiefs 5 to 10c. Embroidered Handkerchiefs 10 to 50c. Gents' Handkerchiefs 5 to 50.
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS—We have Silk Handkerchiefs from 15c to $1.
MUFFS—Come and get the choice, 39, 50, 75, $1, $1.25, $2, $3.50, $3 and up, All the latest and most desirable Furs in stock.
NECKWEAR—Ladies' Neckwear at 8c to $1. Gents' Satin Scarfs 25c to $1. Plush Teck scarfs, very nice for Christmas presents, at 60c, 75c, and $1.
RIBBONS AND RUCHINGS—Special bargains in Rilbbons, Ruchings, ove 200 styles, from 5c per yard up.
KNIT GOODS—Facinators, 25c to $1.50. Toboggans, 25c to $1.
INFANTS' WEAR—Plush, Cashmere and Surah Caps from 50c up. Plush Coats at real bargains.
DEDERT & SUDBROCK.
8 & 160 E. Washington St.

W. J. FISH, President, J. W. MINOR, Treasurer
CHAS. E. HAUHH, vice-Pr's't H. S. BIGHAM, Secr'ta'y.
SENTINEL PRINTING CO
—Manufacturers and Dealers in—
BLANK BOOKS.
Printers, Lithographers, Stationers.
71 & 73 W. MARKET ST., - - INDIANAPOLIS In

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.
That you can buy Household Goods as low as you can at
—HOLLENBECKS,—
230 East Washington St.
Say can you use

A Handsome Parlor Stove at	$7.70,	worth	$12.
A full spring folding bed lounge	8,	do	13.
A first-class hanging lamp at at	5,	do	8.
A beautiful rocker at	3.	do	6.
A cook stove, full trimmed, at	12.	do	20.

My Store is full of such Bargains from now until Dec. 25.
I will sell these goods installments during this twenty days' sale at an advance of 10 per cent. on these prices marked. There is no reserve.
CONE AND SEE!
Employees of railroads and those who receive their pay monthly can make selections and have the goods delivered to them and make first payment on next day; thus, I make it possible for everyone needing Furniture Stoves, etc., to secure them while the sale lasts. These prices will positively be withdrawn Dec. 25, so come at once and secure goods at prices that will not be duplicated again in this city. Come early and avoid the rush.
HOLLENBECK'S
House Furnishing Store,
230 East Washington Street.

New Styles of
CARPETS
WALL PAPERS, DRAPERIES.
ALBERT GALL.

DICKERT,
DEALERS IN
Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Etc.
224 West Washington Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Goods let on easy payments.

NO DISH OF OYSTERS
Is Up to Perfection Without
BRYCE'S*BUTTER*CRACKERS

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

complete with all the late and
ylish garments in the market.
ything new and at popular
which has been our aim.
an please everybody, either in
r style.
call special attention to our
acques, which are better than
fore, snd for prices can not be
d in the State.
Newmarkets are all of the new-
terials, tailor made, perfect in
nd fit.

. AYRES & CO.
nts for Butterick's patterns.

POLITICAL.

UNTY TREASURER, JOHN OSTER-
-Subject to the decision of the Demo
minating Convention.

ERK OF MARION COUNTY,
JOHN R. WILSON.

ECORDER OF MARION COUNTY,
JOHN L. F. STEEG.

SCHMALHOLZ, FOR RECORDEI
rion County—Subject to the decision of
ocratic Nominating Convention.

ERIFF, JOHN JOHNSON—Subject, to
mocratic nominating convention.

WNSHIP ASSESSOR, H. W. WHITE
t to the Republican nominating con-

RIFF OF MARION COUNNY, HEN
LANGENBURG—subject to the Dem
minating convention.

ECUTING ATTORNEY, JOHN W
MAN—Subject to the Democratic
convention.

NTY COMMISSIONER, CHARLIE
TE—Subject to the Democratic nomi-
vention.

N Y OMMISSIONER WM. LANG-
-Subject to the Democratic nomi-
veu on.

NTY CLERK CHAS. W. BRIDGES—
to the Democratic nominating con-

ERIFF OF MARION COUNTY—JA K
OSBY — subject to the Democratic
ng convention.

AM GOING TO
ARKER'S
buy a CARPET,
Heating Stove,
Cook Stove,
Bedroom Suite,
Parlor Suite,
Chamber Set,
Window Shades,
ct, fit up my whole house
He is at
W. Wash. St.

Fah's - Arch
Santa Claus's Store-house.
Let Joy Be Unconfined.

early to look that you may decide
buy and avoid the crowds. Al-
e have had to double our force of
We like it! But come early.
RESENTS FOR FATHER.
RESENTS FOR MOTHER.
RESENTS FOR BROTHER.
RESENTS FOR SISTER.
d all the LITTLE FOLKS.
cy Chinaware, Dolls, Vases. Drums,
ables, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Cradles,
Trunks, Dolls' Carriages, Dolls'
Toy Guns, among them the fa-
Bufialo Bill." These are a few
We have a store crowded full of
appy Thoughts
—FOR—
hristmas
and
New Years!
—REMEMBER—
OAH'S ARK.

HOUSEKEEPERS'
rgain - Store,
West Washington St
very Evening.

HOMES FOR ALL.
Opportunity For Laboring Men
rn over a new leaf. Save 50 cents
k by taking a share in the Cham-
Building and Loan Association.
every Monday evening at the
ork Hat Store. Run with less
and cheaper for the borrower
y other Association in the city.
hares any time. No back dues.
Wm. Prosser Jr., Secretary,
1 Thorpe Block.

fore, she had gone home to spend the holidays, but now she was here to see what a Southern Christmas like. It was so different to her Christmas at home. Here was wamrth, there cold and snow; around her was light and gladness, and in her heart a cold, dark despair, which only a most powerful will conrolled.

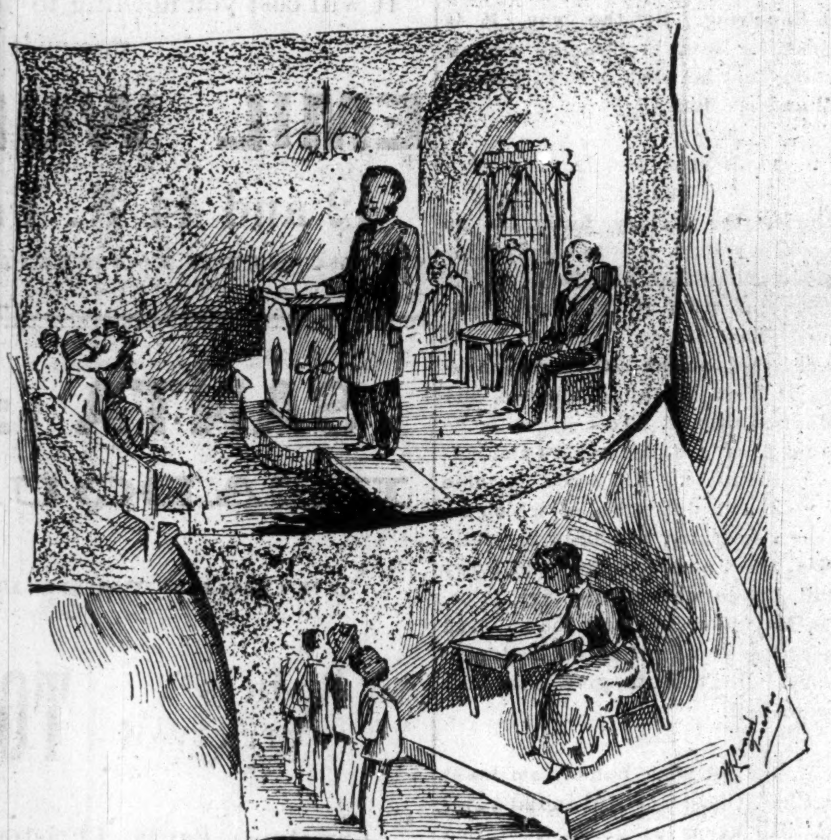
Since she and John had parted they had been as the dead without intercourse with each other was concerned. He had finished, she knew, but where he was located she had not the slightest idea. In her attempt to keep him out of her life she was generally successful, but to-night that face haunted her as the ghosts of the dead haunt their old habitations, and she could not shut out the visions from before her. Yes, she would go anywhere, for to sit here alone and think of the Christmas Eve so many years ago, when her betrothal occurred, was maddening; so she turned to her friend Lizzie.

"Your new minister," she said, scornfully. "I suppose he is some old cast off glossed over and palmed off on this suffering, dying congregation as brand new, or else some one who has been worn partially out elsewhere, and has come here to complete the process. Which is it, Lizzie, my dear?"

"It's neither was the quick reply. "He is very young yet, although he has been preaching already. He rejected a most tempting offer in the North, so that he might come South, where he recognizes the needs of our people. Our church looks beautiful, and every one is enthusiastic over the arrangement of affairs, because a Christmas dedication and installation is a decided innovation, you know. Will you go, Katie, dear?"

"Yes, I'll go," was the short answer.

When they arrived at the church it was crowded. The new minister was



evidently there, judging by the satisfied look on the faces of many of the congregation; but he was behind the altar now and could not be seen. Katharine was indulging in the preliminary glance around the church, which women always take when a deep, rich tone she knew too well urrested her aitention and drew her gaze to the pulpit.

There he was. The years had used him well, and his old friend Work had agreed to make no inroads on his health: consequently, a nobler-looking man than the Rev. John A. Wilson standing behind any sacred desk would be hard to find the length and breadth of our land. Filled with the Negro's native gift, eloquence toned and beautiful by educational finishings, it is small wonder that from the time he commenced his sermon until he closed he had his congregation held spellbound and irresistibly drawn to him by the magnetism of his presence, which to a minister counts so much.

His theme was the old, old message of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men." It was handled in a masterly way, and the clearness of his language, the brilliance of his logic and the beauty of his eloquence completely carried his aadience by storm, and they could almost imagine they were of the party of awe-struck shepherds who heard from angels' lips so many years ago this grand message.

Katherine sat listening, not to the speaker, but the voices within her. Her heart time and again, during the sermon, accused her of throwing away the most priceless jewel ever bestowed on a woman—of crushing a true, pure lover under foot. Her old objection to the life of a minister's wife had gone long ago, for the finer, truer sensibilities of her nature had seen the nobility of such a life. What then hindered? Nothing but a pride stronger than life or death, a stubborn, unyielding pride which swallowed up every other feeling. And even if she did wish to have him back, if she could humble herself to tell him she had always and would always love him, had his opinion of her changed? Once he had told her she was unfit to be any man's wife, and now the words came back to her, and rankled in her heart like an arrow which could not be taken out, except by the hands which placed it there.

She found herself at last, drawn out of her reverie by his closing words.

"To-morrow all over our civilized earth our Lord's birth is celebrated. Hundreds of years have passed since the angelic host on Bethlehem's plains gave this message which has gone down through the ages and will continue to do its grand work, until time shall be rolled up os a scroll and eternity take its place. Those words have lost none of their meaning or force; if our Creater declared through these heavenly messengers his good feeling for us, may we not in humble imitation of Him, strive to spread peace and good will? And how may we do it? By casting aside all pride and malice, by clothing surselves with the spirit of universal brotherhood and forgiving and forgetting old grudges and enmities. resolve that we shall not live in vain, and that our world will be made better because we live in it.

When he finished, her mind was made up. Her love had conquered all, and was madly demanding utterance. As though in a vision, she saw the utter folly of having supposed for a moment that he was dead forever to her. She must go to him now, even if he rejected her—even if his love were another's—she must go and tell him that now, if never before, she regretted her rash step, and had cast aside pride and malice, and had and would love him always. Her love had humbled her.

She knew he had not seen her—indeed, she knew he was ignorant as to her dwelling place. So she went outside on the church steps and standing away from the door on the upper step, she waited as she had done once before, until he should be alone. Then, she had wished him God speed: now, she was going to ask for the love she had so unwisely rejected. A feeling not much different than fear came over her, but she was determined now, and she would speak.

He came at last. While the sexton was covering the furniture he came to the door alone, as she wished—and looked up at the stars. Involuntarily the words came to his lips.

"Six years ago to-night we were engaged. If I could see her now, my cup of happiness would be full. I forgive and forget all and ask again, just to see her once."

"Kattie!"

"John!"

No false pride now on either side; no wrong or selfish thoughts—only true, pure love.

"John," she said softly—oh, so softly—"can you forgive me, and love me as you did? I—"

"My darling," he interrupted, "my darling, my life, my love, my all, you have come to me once more to-night. You have come to me as—"

"Your Christmas gift, John," she said gayly.

As he pressed his lips once more, the stars shone down upon them, and the old, old song of the angels—the song of all humanity seemed to float and hover around them, making their new betrothal far holier and happier than the old.

"Peace on earth, good will to man.'

THE IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR.

Dr. Clarke Clearly Explains How the Blood is Purified in the Lungs and Teaches a Lesson for the Especial Benefit of the Colored Race.

To the Editor of The Freeman.

In acceding to your request for an article, I realize that to keep pace with your high standard of aim and merit, with which I hope I am in full accord, it will be necessary to contribute something calculated to benefit your race, and as the selection of a subject is kindly left to myself, it would seem a natural thing for a physician to write on something intimately associated with his calling; and since the main object of every true physician should be the prevention of disease, instead of, as most people seem to think, the curing of disease, I hope I may make myself understood in an endeavor to point out the importance, nay, imperative necessity, of obtaining pure air as a means of maintaining a high standard of health and vigor, and of restoring health to the sick or enfeebled, and especially in showing the shortcomings of the colored race in the matter, even at the risk of laying myself open to the charge of being considered, by those who know or think they know these things, physiologically pedagogic in an elementary way.

I am led to select this subject because I have noticed that in nearly every case where my practice has taken me to the homes of colored people I have seen unmistakable evidences that their inmates did not understand the subject mentioned above, or, understanding it, did not practice it. Overcrowding is often a necessity, and I am not criticising that, when it is such, but a peculiar carelessness and utter disregard for the laws of nature regarding air seems characteristic of the colored race while in doors, and especially during sickness, and is often manifested in ways decidedly unique. For instance, I once found forty sympathizing friends in a small room with a sick woman, and the windows and doors were closed, and several times I have found patients in a tight room near a red-hot stove, while I believe the most natural position for a very sick African is with his head under the bed clothes, rebreathing the poisonous emanations from his already surcharged body. Some of the most magnificent specimens of physical manhood and womanhood may be found among the children of Ham, yet how prone the race is to that fell destroyer consumption, and how poor a fight its victims make! And this is largely because their neglect of ventilation is so general; and of all persons the Negroes should pay more attention to this matter, as their air-fouling abilities are greater, because of their greater consumption of air and their freer perspiration, and perspiration of stronger odor because of their thicker skin and larger and more active glands.

That heroic nurse, Florence Nightingale, in her book, says: "The very first canon of nursing, the first and last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to a patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing—with which I had almost said you may leave all the rest alone—is this: Keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air." It is always in order to tell the familiar yet terrible story of the Black Hole of Calcutta—how 146 stalwart English captive soldiers were crowded into a room eighteen feet square, which had two little windows on one side. Soon began a fearful struggle for a place at a breathing hole. In ten hours the door was opened, and on 123 dead men, dead for want of air, or rather the oxygen of the air. And the history of the twenty-three survivors recites that more than half of them died not long after of putrid fever or some form of blood poisoning. Now, why is this? To make this clear to one who does not understand it, it will be necessary to describe air and the process of respiration by which the blood is purified. Air is a mixture of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, one part of the former and four parts of the latter, and our first and last gasps are for oxygen, and deprived of it a very few minutes we die. The Creator "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," and we will now trace the course and work of this breath of life:

We will liken a lung to a bunch of grapes, the various stems being air passages. Each grape is cut up into about twenty-five rooms by membraneous partitions that do not quite reacq to the top of the room, and that are practically little else than a network of very fine blood vessels, and all the blood has to go through them. When we draw air for purification into the lungs, or bunches of grapes, each grape expands, or should expand, and a large surface of membraneous partitions is thus exposed to the in-rushing air. The oxygen of the air has a greater affinity for the blood, especially for the iron in it, than for its associate nitrogen, so it leaves the nitrogen and passes directly into the blood right through the partitions. At the same time the poisonous carbonic acid in the blood has its affinity for the nitrogen which the oxygen has just left in the cavities of the grape, so it passes outward from the blood through the partition into the grape, and is then breathed out of the body, the grapes, of course, collapsing. So in this simple yet wonderful manner is our blood purified by air--the dark, venous, poisonous blood at once changed to a bright, arterial, life-supporting fluid. Much of this breathed-out air is very poisonous, but principally because its oxygen has been nearly all used up, and rebreathed several times, five, it is said, will not sustain human life, unless mixed with fresh air. Each of us breathes in a day 140 times our bulk—about eighteen pints a minute, or, according to size, eight or ten hogsheads a day. There 175,000,000 of those cells or grapes in the lungs, which folded out would cover a surface thirty times greater than that of the body. The heart has to beat against nearly ten pounds of blood in the arteries and veins each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once. I need not further explain the vivifying effect of oxygen in other directions or on other fluids of the body, or the skin, for want of space, but enough has been said to show any thinking person the importance of breathing pure air in order to keep the blood pure, and the necessity of frequently taking very long breathes in order to fully inflate all the grapes in all parts of the lungs, to strengthen them, and to render them better able to resist or ward off a tendency toward lung disease. A lung disease is simply a failure to expand those grapes, either from a stopping up of their inside or a forcible pressure from without, in the spaces between the grapes themselves, that closes them and thus prevents their proper opening up, so you may rest assured that if you breathe so that every grape opens up every little while, and in pure air, your lungs are all right, and will remain so as long as breathing is full and free. When the system is full of imperfectly oxygenated blood the liver and kidneys come to the rescue and try to help out the lungs, but there are certain impurities they can not remove and that belong to the work of the lungs, and if this condition continues long the liver and kidneys become overworked and diseased. Then the lungs themselves may break down and soften, waste away or are coughed up, and welcome death closes the scene.

Considering the superior natural strength and hardihood of the African, it has seemed to me singular that he should be so easy a victim to consumption, and I believe it has been sought to lay the blame on climate--that he is away from his native land; but I believe the real cause is to be found in certain indoor habits, the principal of which is his careless disregard of the laws of nature regarding the air he breathes. So my advice would be to avoid close, bad-smelling and poorly-lighted rooms. And your rooms are often kept too warm, relaxing the skin, rendering perspiration easy, and, consequently, greater liability to catching cold. And see to it that your dancing rooms are better ventilated. Nor should you make the common mistake that cold air is necessarily pure air. Finally, let the sunlight into your living rooms as freely as you can, and into the sick room as much as the invalid will stand. As the poet says:

["Wide open throw the shutters, and
The curtain throw aside,
Let in the sun's bright messengers
In all their golden pride.
What matters if from costly rug
They take the rainbow bloom?
They'll shower gems on it instead,
And glorify the room.
Glad are the tidings that they bring
From wood and field and hill,
From singing bird and humming bee,
And the little dancing rill.
Before them many shadows fly,
They banish thoughts of gloom;
Then, with a welcome, let them in
To glorify the room."

In closing, I may say that everything in the above may often, with equal justice, be applied to whites as well as blacks, as facetiously indicated in Bill Nye's Sunday, Oct. 27, letter, as follows: "The custom of allowing pug dogs to sleep in the same room with the children at night is found to be so unhealthful that it will not be long continued. It soon breaks down the strongest dog to breathe the vitiated air required by a child."

WM. B. CLARKE, M. D.
Indianapolis, Dec. 18, 1889.

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Call for the Board of Trade cigar the finest smoke for 5c.

Go to Booth's for fine carriages and light livery. Nos. 80 and 82 West Market street.

The "None Such Club" will give a grand ball and soiree at Mansur Hall, cor. Wash. and Ala. Sts., Dec. 26. This club is composed of the leading young people of the city and a good time is anticipated.

Schaffner's "New" Oyster Bay Restaurant, 44 west Washington street, (Crystal Palace.)

A grand literary festival and entertainment took place at the Vermont St. A. M. E. church last Thursday night under the management of Morris White and others.

Mrs. Georgia Marshall Porter has been seriously ill the past week. She is convalescent at this writing.

Nearly all of the literaries are preparing to give grand fetes and entertainments during the holidays.

Schaffner's "New" Oyster Bay Restaurant, 44 west Washington street, (Crystal Palace.)

Rev. Leonard, of Lawrence, Kansas, passed through the city this week. He was the guest of Rev. J. W. Carr.

There will be a grand entertainment at Simpson's chapel next Tuesday evening. Instead of a Christmas tree the members have prepared a mammoth "Jacob's Ladder." It will be unique.

Holiday entertainment at Allen chapel.

Christmas night Dec. 25., Christmas tree.

Dec. 36, "Solomon's Feast. Clubs No's 12 and 14.

Dec. 27, Grand Musical Entertainment. Clubs No's 2 and 7.

Near Year Night Lecture. Clubs No's 5 and 10.

Schaffner's "New" Oyster Bay Restaurant, 44 west Washington street (Crystal Palace.)

Chas. Rogers, who has for a long time been employed at Union Station, has gone into the huckstering business, and kindly asks the patronage of all who will need goods in any line.

For fine Christmas candies go to Kellenberger, 53 Mass. Ave. Kellenberer has had year's of experience in the manufacture of candy and wont make nor keep any but the very best qualities.

Sam Davis, the boot and shoe dealer at 124 Indiana Ave., has the finest line of boots and shoes on the Ave. Mr. Davis by keeping a good quality of goods and being satisfied with quick sales and small profits, has got the trade of the Ave.

Schaffner's "New" Oyster Bay Restaurant, 44 west Washington street, Crystal Palace.)

Beautiful Christmas presents, the cheapest yet. Dolls! Dolls! Dolls! Christmas novelties of all descriptions. Wood's, 14 North Pennsylvania street and 54 North Pennsylvania street. Call and look at the display.

Mr. John Kistner, the genial show merchant at 83 South Illinois street, has everything in the foot wear line suitable for a Christmas present. Don't fail to buy one of those elegant pairs of slippers for fellow or best girl.

J. E. WHELDEN.

Gentlemen's Furnishings for the holidays. J. E. Whelden, under New Denison Hotel, has the finest line shown from any show window in the city. Here you can find things at a bargain. If you want anything in this line for the holidays go to Whelden's.

Allen Chapel Literary Society meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. The order is excellent, and the exercises always good.

'Tis said that the sermons preached by Rev. James A. Davis, pastor of Allen's Chapel, are remarkable. They are clear. concise, forcible and beautiful in language, and come with the gush of a born orator. He is known throughout the A. M. E. Conference as the "Boy Preacher."

Schaffner's "New" Oyster Bay Restaurant, 44 west Washington street, (Crystal Palace.)

J. H. Bridges and James Williams challenge L. E. Christy to discuss at "Allen's Chapel Literary" the following question: "Resolved, that money is more of a necessity to us as a race than education. Christy was given the choice of sides, and selected education, the negative. The discussion was to take place Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, but for some cause the editor positively refused to discuss the question.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Porter have just made some elegant improvements on their home on Second street.

Schaffner's "New" Oyster Bay Restaurant, 44 west Washington stceet, (Crystal Palace.)

When you want anything in the furniture or household line, dont fail to call at T. W. Parker's, 179 West Washington street. He keeps a full line, and sells on payments or for cash. Furniture, Stoves and Carpets for cash or payments.

Mr. A. W. Sweenie, the genial proprietor of the famous Philadelphia Dye House, 6 West Market street, is by far better prepared to serve the general public than any of his competitors in the art of Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing. By the way, it is claimed for him in cleaning window curtains that he cannot be surpassed. Call and see him.

H. H. LEE'S FINE FRUITS AND GROCERIES.

During the holiday festivities no household should fail to supply their larder with all that is desirable in the eating line from H. H. Lee's Celebrated Tea Stores, 7 and 9 North Pennsylvania street; 250 Virginia Avenue; 34 West Washington street, and 1 Madison avenue. To begin with, he has the finest and best sugars and coffees in the State. His stock in table luxuries and delicacies, of which he makes a specialty, has been carefully looked after, and is complete in every detail, besides choice fruits, figs, dates, nuts, Malaga grapes, and the hundred other articles of prime necessity and luxury. Don't fail to give one of his stores a call.

Call and get your holiday smiles at Mr. Chas. Chasteens, 101 Indiana avenue. He keeps as good wines and liquors as ever were on the market —the kind that will make you smile a real healthful smile. Mr. Chasteen has made a host of friends, and has built up a large trade of first-class people.

THE AVENUE EXCHANGE, 10 INDIANA AVENUE.

Messrs. Greathouse & Spaulding have just opened a fine Exchange at No. 10 Indiana avenue, where they invite their friends to come and drink and be merry. This establishment has just been elegantly fitted up from the first to the third floor, and it is beyond all doubt the finest colored exchange in the State, and one of the finest of the kind in this city. Mr. Archie Greathouse, the senior partner, is an experienced decanter, and knows every detail of the business. He has made a reputation for keeping the very best brands of cigars, the choicest liquors, and a very orderly establishment. Those who wish to celebrate the holidays in true Cacchanalian style should not fail to call at "The Avenue Exchange."

CHOICE DRUGS AND STATIONERY.

We need only call attention to the fact that Mr. R. P. Bloudau, 102 Ind. Ave., keeps a fine line of the purest drugs and choicest goods, and that he also carries a fine line of holiday goods, such as books, toys and stationeries, and everything in this line. He is an old favorite with the colored people, and you should not fail to give him a call.

Hereafter The Freeman will be delivered in this city by carriers and not through the postoffice. Persons desiring to subscribe can order through the carriers.

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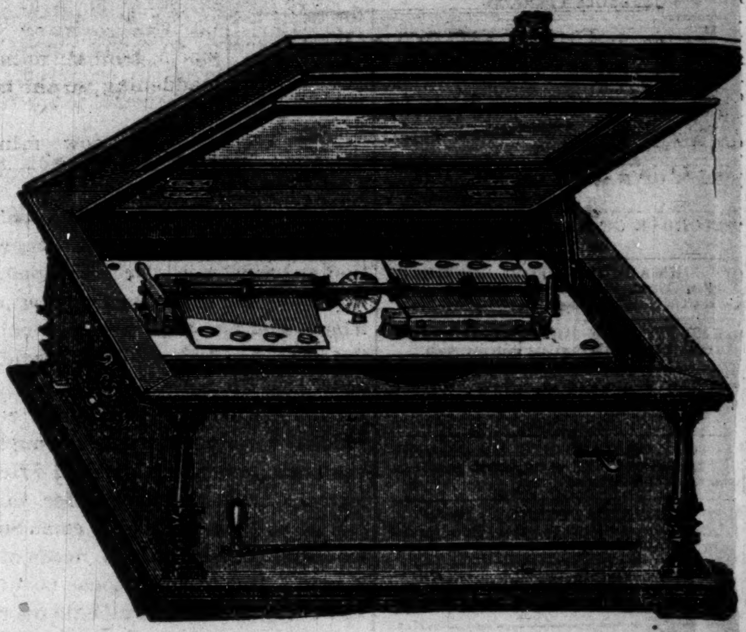

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